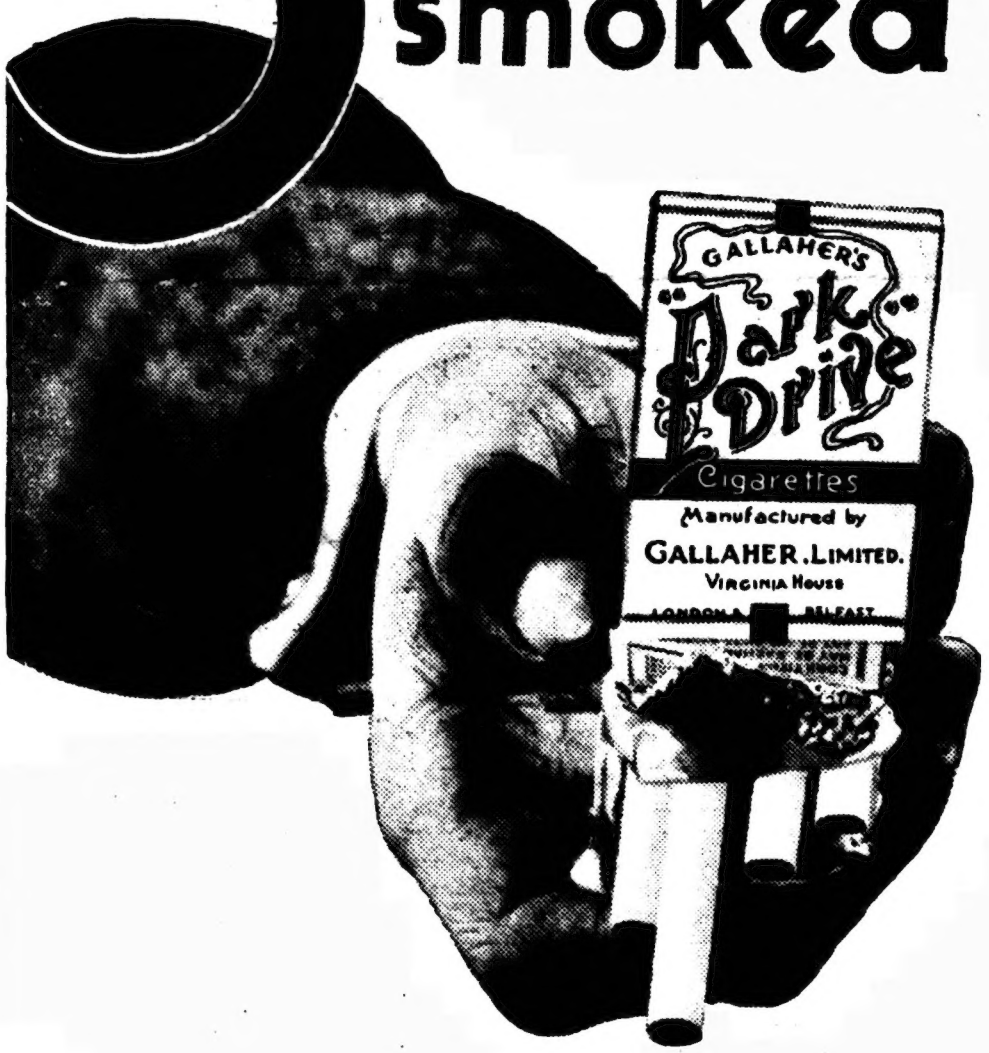
JOHN BULL JANUARY 9, 1932

"LET'S ALL SAVE OURSELVES" BY A.G.G. ON PAGE

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1334.

JOHN BULL

5 MILLION smoked every day



Write for free Catalogue of quality gifts. Five bonus coupons will be sent with it—add these to the coupon in every packet. Gift Department, Gallaher Limited, Virginia House, 67, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

SIXPENNY VALUE AT
10 FOR 4D

PARK DRIVE

Have you got your Plain or Cork-Tipped to-day?

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7 11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7 6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue post free. — Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

START in Drapery and make money by selling to your friends. Only small capital required. Get Manufacturer's 60-page Catlg. and A.B.C. Guide free. See page 56, telling you of 7 ways how to make more/. Example of our prices: Ladies' Overalls, 6 11 doz.: Children's All-Wool Socks, 4/- doz.: Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8 11 doz.: Men's Suits, 15 - each, equal to those sold in shops for 45 -.: Ladies' Jumpers, 9 - doz.: Ladies' or Gent's Macintoshes, 6 6 each: Men's Artificial Silk Ties, patent fasteners, 1 - doz.: Men's large-size coloured bordered Handkerchiefs, 1 3 doz.: Men's Vests and Pants, 12 - doz.: Art. Silk Stockinette Vests, 9d. lb. Thousands of other bargains in our free Catalogue. Sample Bales 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* Guarantee.—Wolfson, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. A., 33, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particls. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN; BIG COMMISSION. NO RISK, AND MERCHANDISE BY A FAMOUS BRITISH FIRM. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Marvellous Bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. First in 1870, foremost to-day; over 60 years of service. Send p.c. NOW for particulars and wonderful 232-page Bargain Guide. — JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

THERE is no easier way of INCREASING YOUR INCOME than by handing our Packet Teas. The standout quality will enable you to create a ready sale to your friends at wholesale prices. Special terms to those in large works. Write to-day for particulars.—MORNSIDE TEA CO., Kingsley House, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

EMPLOYMENT.

BETTER PROSPECTS FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT who trains to be a Travelling Salesman. Suitable men accepted by Wallace Attwood for training by post in their spare time. Attwood-trained men without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE.—Excellent pay and prospects offered to men between 19-27 years and over 5 ft. 9 in. in height. Full details of entrance requirements from B.T.I., 29B, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60 % profit, any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

ABOUT YOUR FUTURE? Ambitious men and women—get a job in which you will be happy and well paid. The Advertising Profession is open to you when you are trained, and you can be trained in your spare time. Call, 'Phone or Write for a handsome, coloured, illustrated free book.—THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, Ltd., 136B, Wheatsheaf House, Carmelite Street, E.C.4. Cent. 4809.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/6. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples of Printing for all trades sent for 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE EXCHANGE & MART can pay your income tax! Send for FREE copy containing full details to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3 4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1385 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

"CAPTAIN" Razor Blades, Sheffield made, 1s. dozen. Several Sole Agencies open. Dominion Steel Corporation, Ltd., Queen's Road, Sheffield.

CARNIVAL and Party Novelties. Balloons, Decorations, etc. Send for free list to-day.—"Uneedus," Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WOOLS.—ANNUAL SALE.—Hosiery, 1d. oz., Fing. 1½d., Bracken Sports 1½d., Blk. 6-ply 1/- lb., Wiltona 1/11½. Cable 1/11½. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty, Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloons. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Beck's, British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WOOL SALE.—1d. Sports, 1½d. oz., Rug, 6½d., 1/- lb. 800 spls. Illus. Rug Guide free.—Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PERFECT TEA INFUSER, saves 25% tea; fits any teapot; 1/3, post free. Agents wanted.—WELLS, 17, Whitecross St., LONDON, E.C.1.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-, 75 Home-made garments, worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONE SALE.—Motors, Tonearms, Soundboxes, Horns, Amplifiers, Gramophones and Cabinets at gift prices. Catalogue free.—J. B. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford, Ldn., S.E.8.

C.A.V
WET OR DRY
HIGH TENSION
For refinement of tone, altogether free from background noises, you cannot use anything better than C.A.V. H.T. Accumulators.
They last for years and are no more expensive in the long run than Dry Batteries.
If you find it more convenient to use Dry Batteries, we offer a complete range from which to select. It is a good Battery upholding the reputation of "The World's Best" by which all C.A.V. Batteries are known. Next time try a C.A.V.
Obtainable from our Battery Service Agents and Traders throughout the country.
C. A. Vandervell Ltd.
WELL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
C.A.V. H.T. DRY BATTERIES.
STANDARD TYPE.
TRIPLE CAPACITY TYPE.
PORTABLE TYPE.
GRID BIAS TYPE.
99 VOLTS
DRY BATTERIES
Before investing in a new battery, let us send you full details of all C.A.V. Radio Accumulators.
*FREE. A useful booklet on the maintenance and charging of L.T. & H.T. Accumulators.

READERS' attention is drawn to BOLSOM'S Annual BOOT SALE advt. on page 29. You can save up to 50% by buying now.

WADDED Down Quilts Free! (See advt. of Standard (Murmax), Ltd., centre of page 3). It pays to study *John Bull's* "Shop Window" every week. There are other bargain offers on page 14.

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY! Every reader of *John Bull* should read the advertisement of D. A. Adana, page 14.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1932 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 184 pages, 266 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

GRAMO'S.—Make one 1 price. Instructions, drawings, 64-p. ctlg. 3d. Portable 15/6. Motors 7/6. List free.—Regentbuil, 120, Old St., London.

WIRELESS.

FREE CIRCUITS of new 2, 3 and 4-valve sets, complete with lists of necessary components sent post free.—YOUNG'S (GLASGOW), LTD., 40, STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

MAKE certain of good reception from your wireless by getting "C.A.V." BATTERIES—Low and High Tension. The latest non-spillable is announced in the large advt. on this page. A postcard will bring you a Radio Battery Catalogue and useful booklet on charging and maintenance. — Address: Dept. D.4. C. A. Vandervell, Ltd., Well Street, Birmingham.

WIRELESS PROBLEMS SOLVED.—Fill in the coupon in the READY RADIO advt. on page 27 and get your free copy of the "METEOR" Folder, which describes fully this fascinating Receiver and shows you how extremely easy it is to build. By building the "METEOR III." all-British Set yourself you can obtain the very latest type of modern Receiver and save yourself pounds. Be sure to post the coupon now.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3 -, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 Beans), 1/3. Post Free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

CATARRH.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief in coughs and nasal and bronchial catarrhs. Write for Free Booklet No. 46G. to Allen & Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

FOR chronic or habitual constipation, piles, biliousness, depression with a touch of the blues, there is a Castellan Brand remedy. Send for a free book, "The Castle of Health."—McGuffie's, Chemists, Castle Street, Liverpool.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-Consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.87), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

CURE THAT COUGH! A generous FREE SAMPLE (worth 1/3) of FAMEL'S SYRUP can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 21, enclosing the necessary stamps to cover postage and packing.

FREE.—To sufferers from ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, etc., a book explaining DR. HAIR'S wonderful discovery, an inspired message of hope. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 23 and post in an unsealed envelope for ½d.

READERS' attention is drawn to the MACLEANS BRAND STOMACH POWDER advt. on page 26. If any difficulty in obtaining, send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10, and mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. O. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. (See page 26.)

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antique Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large no too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
The Favourite Party Sweet.
Ask your Sweet Shop.

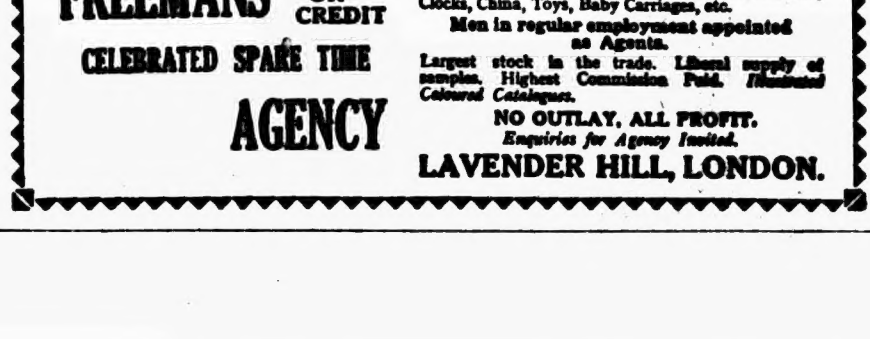
OVERCOATS and SUITS—to Measure or Ready for Service. Consult Lockwood & Bradley, Ltd., London's Leading Tailors. Perfect fit and your complete Satisfaction Guaranteed in every respect. Buy now while prices are low. You can safely order by post, taking your own measurements at home. See the new styles of materials for yourself. Write now to Dept. J.B.28, Lockwood & Bradley, Ltd., 226-8, Old St., London, for patterns of Overcoatings and Suitings, together with prices and details of the newest styles—All British Cloths. A p.c. will do! Mention *John Bull* when writing.

READERS are invited to write for the Free Catalogue of quality Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from "PARK DRIVE." Also for Plain or Cork-Tipped CIGARETTES. Send a postcard now, while you think of it, and be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing. Address: Gift Dept., Gallaher, Ltd., Virginia House, 67, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. (See Front Cover advert.)

FREE.—Latest List of FRY'S Free Gifts in exchange for coupons from FRY'S COCOA. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 16.

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER. The "IGGOS MALT" advt. on page 25 shows you how.

CHEAPER THAN THE SALES! Bargain-hunting is an easy matter if you "look into" *John Bull's* "Shop Window." This week's display (pages 3 and 14) includes a bed-chair for 2/6 down, real hide gauntlet gloves priced 3/6, a handy clothes airer costing 2/3, and other money-saving offers in boots, shoes, wireless sets, and bedding bales with Free Gifts for purchasers. Every advertiser is pledged to give satisfaction.


FREEMANS
CASH OR CREDIT
CELEBRATED SPARE TIME
AGENCY
BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linn, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.
NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

SENT FREE SOLID SILVER

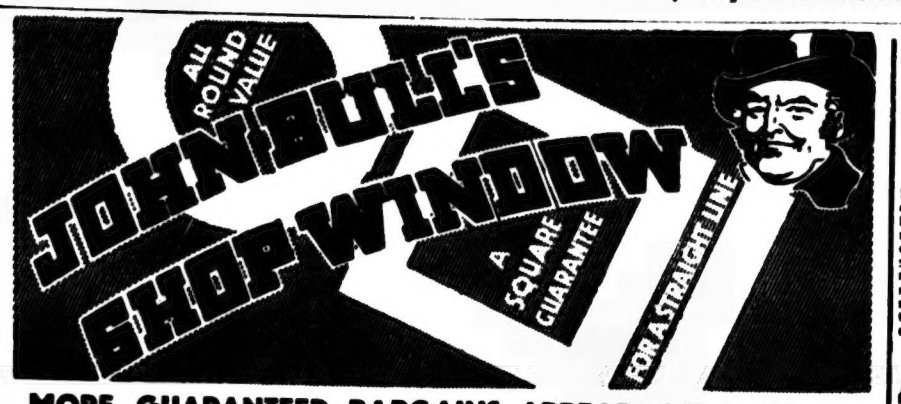
GENT'S WATCH
Thoroughly tested, jewelled movement, utmost precision, luminous dial. On strong leather strap. 25/6. Luminous dial with seconds hand, 2/- extra.

LADY'S WATCH
On White Band, similar movement. 21/- On expanding Solid Silver Bracelet, 29/6.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.
2/- discount for cash with order.

Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. *Write for Catalogue.*

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO.,
6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 14.

THIS NEW HANDY CLOTHES AIRER

No more clumsy clothes horses. Just rest this wonderful New AIREEZI on the mantelpiece and air all the washing in no time. Can't fall off even when fully loaded. Stores away in small space when not in use. No ropes, screws, wires, clamps, or pulleys or other moving parts. Nothing to go wrong or stain or tear the clothes. 36 in. long, 3 rails. Also special extension making a 6 rail Airer, 2/- extra.

The only 3 BAR All wood AIRER

AIR-EEZI

FITS ANY MANTELPIECE. British Made. Pat. No. 253203. Trade Enquiries invited.

Post free from EEZI DOMESTIC APPLIANCES CO., Dept. E.4, Broadway, London, E.C.4.

20/- WADDED DOWN QUILTS

free To advertise this complete sale for 20/-.

2 Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Lovely hand-painted Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Turkish Towels	

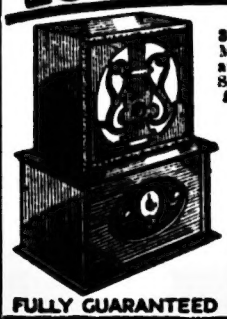
All double bed size.

We are giving Free of Cost a 66 x 48 Beautiful Wadded **DOWN QUILT**

If cash sent with order we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings. *Money back if not satisfied.* Cash or C.O.D. Sent Carr. Free

MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO., Dept. B.S., 112, Grosvenor St., MANCHESTER.

EUROPE AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS!



8 VALVE set complete with Mullard Valves, all accessories and handsome Cabinet Loud Speaker. Usual Price £8 : 8 : 0. Our Price

£5.19.6
(or 10/6 monthly)

Ready for use. Nothing more to buy. Numerous other models at similar reductions, from 79/6.

Send for illustrated list.

VICTORIA C. & C. CO., (Dept. W.48), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

FULLY GUARANTEED

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR 2/6 with SPRING SEATS

ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-Chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES, polished rich nut brown. 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour. 2 seat cushions, reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats (Pat. No. 354095/30) ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free Eng. P.O.'s only. CASH PRICE 30/-

Send for new Coloured List J.B.

All British.

NORTH BUCKS TRADING Co. Ltd. 58, Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

Combined NEEDLE THREADER and THIMBLE

A WOMAN'S INVENTION!

No more fumbling with needle and cotton, no more eyestrain. This clever device is a thimble and needle-threader combined. Instantly threads smallest ordinary or sewing machine needle. Threader slides back into socket (side of thimble) when not wanted. A boon to those with weak sight, and a real time-saver and practical necessity for every housewife. 6d., post 2d., or 3 for 1/6 POST FREE.

6D POST 2D

682, Wm. PENN (Dept. 62), HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.19

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

ARMY HUTS PAVILIONS BUNGALOWS GARAGES etc., etc.

Span Roof type Sheds as above. A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½ in. weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
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8 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 . 1 . 6	of 14/8	of 7/5
10 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.	£6 . 6 . 6	of 22/2	of 11/7

Carriage Paid. Send for large Free Book No. 68 of over 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

Works open till 5 p.m. Saturdays.

J. THORN & SONS (Box 68), Brampton-rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

WADDED DOWN QUILTS FREE

ONLY 20/- THE LOT

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 58x18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80x60
2 Turkish Hand Towels
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE-BED SIZE. (Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.)

Immediate Delivery. Carriage Free. Cash or C.O.D.

A HANDSOME WADDED DOWN QUILT sent Free with each Bale, and in addition a lovely Pair of Ladies' Synthetic Silk Stockings to every customer who sends full cash with order.

ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

SATISFACTION!

Mrs. ROBERTS, of Ty "Gwyn," Pen-y-Ball, Holywell, writes:—"*I wish to thank you for your lovely bale. Am well pleased with it. Have often sent before to different places, but things were not up to the Standard. Your Wadded Quilt is lovely too, and all so neatly packed. When I need anything in future I shall send to you and shall recommend you to my friends.*"

(We receive many such letters daily.)

GUARANTEE!!

"John Bull's" famous guarantee covers this remarkable Bargain.

YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED!!

DON'T DELAY: SEND TO-DAY.

FREE GIFTS!!!

A boon to every householder. We send, free of charge, in each bale, a cosy Wadded Down Quilt, and in addition to this splendid gift we shall also send to every customer who pays cash with order a pair of Ladies' Art. Silk Stockings. This opportunity may not occur again. There are months of cold nights ahead! Post your order NOW!!

STANDARD (MURMAX) LTD.

Dept. S.K., 189-191, PRINCESS STREET, MANCHESTER.

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

A CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE (Everything Necessary).

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Book Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

RECENT PURCHASERS WRITE:—"Worth 65/." "No expectant mother would trouble to make if she knew of your bargain." "Highly satisfied." "Materials and make perfect." Etc., etc.

MRS. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

GENUINE South African Field Boots

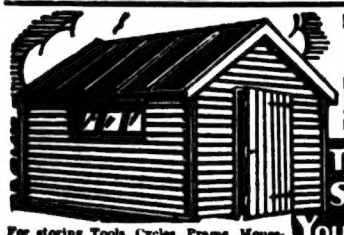
Marvellous Bargain as illustrated. fine, pliable full chrome black calf uppers, Double Tonques, Double Soles. Built for long service and hard wear 7/9, postage 9d. Better quality, 8/11, postage 9d. Extra stout, in black dull chrome grain leather, with or without toecap, 9/11, postage 9d.

7/9

Post 9d. Sizes 6-11.

W. E. MILLER & CO., 587-9G, Fulham Rd., London, S.W.6
Our Midland bank

FROM 5/7 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT



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For storing Tools, Cycles, Frame, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
8 ft. x 5 ft. x 6½ ft.	..		£3 1 0	10/8	5/7
8 ft. x 6 ft. x 6½ ft.	..		£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
10 ft. x 7 ft. x 7½ ft.	..		£6 7 0	22/4	11/8

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free. F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES 3/11

THOUSANDS SOLD AT 5/6

Punctures defied. A masterpiece of tyre construction. Made by a new Hydraulic Process—50 per cent. more mileage. TRIAL PRICE 3/11. Post 7d. Two for 6/8, post paid. State size.

Money back terms.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Accessories, 5/- in the £ saving.

Trade enquiries invited.

Guaranteed Two Years

MOORHOUSE'S, Dept. 80 PADIHAM, Lancs.

WEATHER RESISTING

To advertise our Catalogue, we offer you a smart rubber soled moulded shoe (Black or Tan) at the advertising price of 6/3, post 9d. To render waterproof, the stout rubber sole is moulded to the upper, making it impossible for the severest weather to penetrate. We guarantee months of hard service. Send for a pair now. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, golf, warehouse or smart City wear.

6/3 Sizes 6 to 11. Post on 1 or 2 pairs 9d., or C.O.D.

Money Back Guarantee

NUTTALL, 1 GOODMAYES, ILFORD

WADDED QUILTS FREE!

2 Woolly Blankets	80x60
2 Strong Sheets	80x60
2 Pillow Slips	30x18
1 Bolster Case	58x18
1 Art. Bedspread	80x60
2 Check Glass Cloths	
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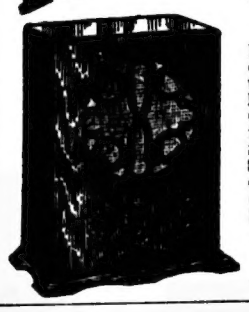

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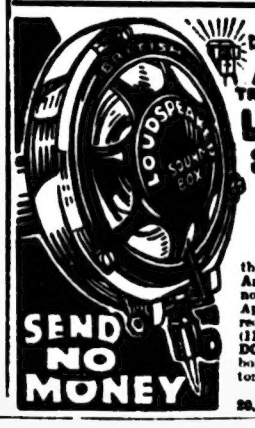

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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Jan. 9, 1932. Twopence.
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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

The Bank Prepares for a Fight

Tax on Tea Theatened

Liners as Cargo Boats

THE Bank of England is seriously perturbed by the turn taken in the negotiations on reparations, and there is a bitter struggle going on between the Bank, which represents the City's view, and the Treasury.

The Treasury is urging the Government to support a three years' extension of the moratorium on reparations as the best bargain that can be made at the forthcoming conference at Lausanne. The Bank declares that this would cause further difficulties among English bankers.

* * *

Moreover, the Bank is anxious to get the exchange value of the pound stabilised, and Mr. Norman, the Governor, states emphatically that this cannot be done so long as there is uncertainty about the future of reparations. The struggle between these two points of view is intense, but so far the Treasury appears to be winning.

Mystery report

Meanwhile there is considerable mystery about the report on reparations prepared by Sir Walter Layton, who represented Britain at the Experts' Committee which reported just before Christmas. His confidential report differs drastically from that issued by the Committee.

Sir Walter's represents the view of the Bank of England, and he urges that it is impossible to expect Germany ever to renew reparations on the old scale. The Bank is naturally demanding that the Government should take more notice of this confidential report than the document published by the Committee.

If it does, a break with France is almost inevitable.

Legal smuggling

There is a loophole in the Dumping Duties Act through which wholesale legal smuggling can be carried on.

Foreign goods can be dumped in the Irish Free State, undergo finishing processes, and then be exported duty free into England. If Ireland would put a tariff on these articles all would be well. But in exchange for such a duty the Free State would like a big preference for its dairy produce.

Mr. Runciman has certainly landed himself in a very weak position.

Dearer tea likely

Mr. Chamberlain is being strongly urged to reimpose the tax on tea in this year's Budget, and it is highly probable that he will yield.

When Mr. Churchill abolished the duty in 1929 he also cut off the preference which Empire growers enjoyed over their foreign rivals. They want this back again, and they have influential advocates in the new Parliament.

If they succeed, it is difficult to see how the Cabinet can refuse the other food taxes which the Tories demand.

The Legion acts

The British Legion is going into battle in earnest against the application of the Means Test to disability pensions. Its influence in high quarters and the weight of its membership of half a million should ensure that what the State has given with one hand to its war-shattered servants shall not be taken away with the other by deducting it from their unemployment relief.

He organised the fight

We congratulate Lord Jellicoe, the Legion President, and Colonel E. C. Heath, who organised the big fight, on this splendid move.

Better rail news

Railway workers and shareholders had a pleasant New Year's gift in the form of a decided improvement in railway traffic. Though it came too late to have any marked effect on the results for 1931, we hope it is a good augury for 1932.

Companies are to make strong efforts this year to regain traffic, both passenger and goods, and they have succeeded in considerably reducing their expenses.

They will have everyone's best wishes with them in this task.

Exchange gambling

There is ample evidence that some unscrupulous financiers are piling up money out of the world's misfortunes. Recent fluctuations in foreign exchange rates can only be accounted for by speculation, and there is a strong suspicion that in some cases British firms are concerned.

These fluctuations in sterling, while they provide handsome profits for the manipulators of the market, are making trade more difficult. Needless to say, the big banking and finance houses are not implicated in these transactions.

We suggest that the Government should take steps to place all foreign exchange dealings in the hands of a special association, which would include only the Joint Stock Banks and reputable finance firms.

Good for farm-workers

It will be good news to farm-workers that a special scheme is already being devised to extend unemployment insurance to their industry, without waiting till the report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment comes out—which will be about Easter.

The Commission were so impressed with the case of the agricultural worker that their decision to take special measures of relief was unanimous.

East Anglia in particular will welcome the event. This winter unemployment in the Norfolk and Suffolk villages is the worst ever known and thousands of labourers are reduced to pauper relief.

Gratifying

The sentence of five years' penal servitude passed upon Maurice Franklin Friend at the Old Bailey last week for serious charges respecting the issue of forged share transfer forms will be noted by our readers with satisfaction.

For when Friend was still at large and baffling the police in October last, we published an exclusive exposure of his methods and threw considerable light upon his criminal career.

Fair dealing

It is quite obvious that every British purchase of Irish Free State produce increases the purchasing power of that country for British goods, and there is no reason to suppose that the Irish people will lessen their purchases of our goods. The 1929 returns show that of fifteen countries trading with the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State was the only one of that number whose trade had a balance favourable to Great Britain.

Mr. Cosgrave has advised his people to purchase Free State goods first, and British goods next. Reciprocal trade would appear to be a necessity to both countries.

Dirty milk bottles

A move is on foot to use cardboard containers for milk, which the consumer would throw away when empty.

Should give his influence

Some dairies have already adopted the innovation because of their heavy losses on broken bottles.

Although bottles should be sterilised before they are filled, complaints have been made of dirty bottles being delivered to customers, while everyone knows that empties are left outside back-doors and even in the street, where they may become muddy or fouled by animals.

Sir E. Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, would do well to give his influence to this move for purer milk.

Home-grown sugar

The Government has decided that no extra subsidy can be given this year for beet-sugar production. The subsidy was increased last year, and the growers want to have this special assistance continued. They will be disappointed.

Sir Herbert Samuel, who made such a damaging criticism of the subsidy in our columns some time ago, would certainly not consent to the taxpayer being burdened in this way. The Cabinet's decision is a wise one.

Luxury liners to go

The conversion of luxury liners into cargo boats is being considered by certain big shipping firms. One company which possesses some of the most luxurious vessels engaged on pleasure cruises, has already decided to use two of them as cargo carriers.

We are not surprised that the trade in expensive pleasure trips has slumped, and we admire the attempt of this country to cut its losses. But will it succeed? There are scores of big freighters already lying derelict in port.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S THE RADIO NIGHT!

TUNE in to Radio Paris at 10.30 on Sunday evening next, January 10. There is to be another JOHN BULL Radio Concert.

Millions of British wireless sets now have a rendezvous on Sunday evenings with Paris. JOHN BULL'S concerts have become an institution and a joy. Letters of congratulation are pouring in to the Editor from family parties who listen-in to the novel programmes.

The Sunday night "blank" is now filled in and the thrill is enhanced by the prospect of claiming the £500 prize in the must-be-won contest which has been arranged.

This JOHN BULL novelty has literally swept the country.

Look at the programme you will hear on Sunday night.

You will have Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar, who are going specially to Paris to broadcast their own particular humour over the air, and to introduce the ten popular records to you. Meantime, don't forget that alluring £500.

The conditions of the contest are wonderfully easy. All you have to do is to listen to ten records sent over the ether and then place the best eight in what you consider to be the order of their entertainment value.

How you enter for the contest and what you have to do—turn to page 14.

"If You See It—" (continued)

Women's good work

A meeting of women health officers brought from H.R.H. the Princess Royal the tribute that the striking fall in infant mortality is due in no small degree to their efforts, which are also proving largely instrumental in solving the problem of maternal mortality.

The mothers' royal friend

A justified commendation. Women health officers are doing wonderful work in directions where men would be lacking in the intuition which is so much a part of the feminine sex. We could do with more of them.

British aliens

A Paisley man and his wife have been separated by the law. When they returned from America, where they had lived since the war and the man had taken out naturalisation papers, they were arrested.

The man was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment and ordered to be deported for failing to register as an alien, the wife to be allowed to remain providing she registers. Her husband may be technically an alien, but why was he treated so harshly?

Workmen's hardships

The Home Secretary is considering the proposals to amend the law relating to workmen's compensation. We have often urged that employees should be insured for compensation purposes. At present, if their firms go into liquidation they may have to wait years for their wages and compensation.

We hope the Minister will introduce a Bill to remove this hardship without delay.

Coloured doctors

At a meeting of Indian students in London, a speaker referred to complaints that English people disliked being treated by Indian doctors, of whom there are three hundred practising in this country.

The remedy is obvious. There is no reason why they should not return to India, and so save us from having to send out medical missionaries to care for their countrymen.

Land for heroes

Nearly a thousand houses are declared to be unfit for habitation in Merthyr, the Welsh iron and coal town. More than a thousand require extensive repairs, while many families live in cellars and sheds.

The local corporation cannot remedy the situation because of lack of money. This is yet another case in which the Minister of Health should open his heart and his purse-strings.

A welcome decision

The Great Western Railway is to spend £92,000 in improving its goods road services.

Prosperity will return to the railways if their directors meet modern requirements with modern methods.

Englishman's duty

A Manchester policeman who was assaulted by a drunken man fell to the ground and struck his head on the setts. A passer-by, Mr. George Alfred Wilcox, pushed his way through a hostile crowd, blew the constable's whistle and assisted him to get his prisoner away.

The prisoner, Norbert Fynan, had been previously convicted for attacking a policeman, and deserved his sentence of six months' imprisonment. We agree, too, with the magistrate, who said that Mr. Wilcox had done his duty, and we hope he will receive a more material reward for his bravery.

Mother's pluck

A typical example of a mother's courage comes from Darwen. When a back bedroom in her house caught fire, Mrs. Martin dashed through the flames and rescued her small daughter from the blazing bed.

Mrs. Martin was scorched and suffered from shock, but we are sure she will consider her hurts worth while as her child was saved.

Black diamonds

A record in Welsh anthracite production has been made by the New Cefn Coed Colliery, which recently raised 1,026 tons in one day from a single shaft. This colliery at Crynant hopes to employ over a thousand more men within the next two years; another at Coegnant has struck a fresh seam.

Though Wales has been badly hit by the depression, the employment prospects in these particular districts seem to be a good deal brighter than the anthracite produced.

Park pests

Many public beauty spots are being spoiled by "Peeping Toms," who in some cases have been known to adopt blackmailing methods. Burn Closes, at Wallsend, for instance, is now shunned by lovers because of the spying rascals who prowl about the grounds.

The police are powerless to suppress this evil, since there is no law against it. They should be given the authority to make a clean sweep of these pests.

Poor man's college

The experiment of opening the North Lambeth Reading Room, London, on Sundays has been so successful that it is to remain open for six hours every Sunday, except during the summer months.

This is an excellent move. Most working men have leisure for study only during the week-end. Other boroughs should follow this example.

It should be done

A South Wales reader suggests that tinplate manufacturers should organise a development committee of owners and workers to search for new markets and to offer prizes for new methods of using tinplate.

We commend this idea to the leaders of the industry—and to other industries, too.

Unhealthy schools

Following our protest about the dilapidated condition of many northern schools, Mrs. E. F. Key, President of the National Union of Women Teachers, declares that there are schools without any water supply, while the sanitary arrangements in most rural schools are appalling.

Takes the lid off pigsty schools

Town children have no reason to envy their country cousins in this respect. It is no wonder that despite their advantage of purer air, the health of country children often compares badly with that of town dwellers.

The teachers must pester the Minister of Education to get these country pigsties put right.

Trappings of woe

"I have always considered mourning expensive and even funeral trappings a wicked waste, especially when the money could be better spent on those who are alive," wrote a South Normanton doctor who has died.

Sound common-sense, this, and a point of view that ought to be widely shared.

Topsy-turvy economy

Some years ago Glasgow Corporation bought housing sites and made up roads, but no houses have yet been built. Refusing to sell or lease these areas, it continues to pay £20,000 a year in interest on money borrowed for the purchase.

Yet the corporation has stopped the supply of free meals to necessitous schoolchildren. Glasgow citizens should make themselves heard on this scandal of misapplied economy.

Smart work

The presence of mind of James Williams, of Deganwy, saved the lives of three companions when a motor-car in which they were travelling overturned near Llandudno and caught fire. Williams, the only one who escaped injury, dragged his friends through the door and then proceeded to put out the fire.

He proved not only his coolness but his courage.

Underpaid

The several hundred lamplighters employed by Glasgow Corporation receive thirty-five to forty shillings a week. Some have had to apply to the Public Assistance Committee for relief. Yet the minimum wage for other municipal workers is 55s. a week.

Why this discrimination?

Waiting for it

The fact that the consumption of imported beer has dropped in the Isle of Man is very significant.

General taxation in the island is very small compared with our burdens here, yet Manxmen have straightway economised on beer.

It is time the country heard something from Mr. Neville Chamberlain about a sensible reduction of the tax with due regard to keeping a high standard of quality.

Green police

A London man has been charged with obtaining money from a detective by false pretences. It is alleged that he called at an East End police-station, offered information about a gang of crooks, and obtained thirty shillings to hire a car to track the men. He did not return and was arrested at Cardiff.

If this story is true, we suggest that green would be a more appropriate colour for the uniform of the police concerned.

Their new part

A few weeks ago we exposed the guile of two young men, Walter Bracks and Kenneth Bradley, who, claiming to be hard-up actors, obtained "loans" from the Actors' Church Union at Leamington on the strength of an engagement they said they had secured. They promptly disappeared, leaving their hotel bill unpaid.

When they repeated this story at Lichfield a little later, the police were called, and both men have now been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. We are glad to have played some part in bringing these swindlers to book.

Crowns and Coronets

The huge red and gold record of British nobility and dignities, known familiarly as "Debrett," appears again for the 219th year in succession. It is the same miracle of precise and ordered cataloguing.

The number of pages appears to have shrunk, possibly owing to the extinction of certain families. It is interesting to note, however, that new creations still outweigh the peerages and baronetcies which die out. Last year there were eighteen new creations as against eleven titles which became extinct.

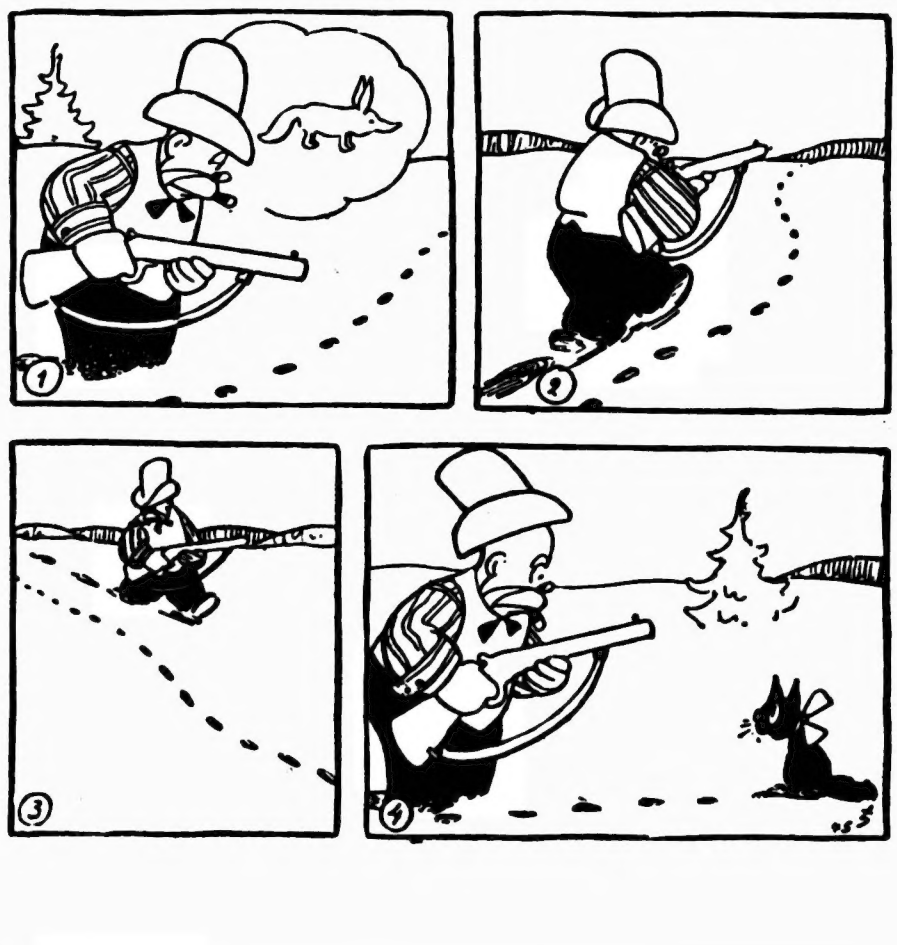
Still waiting

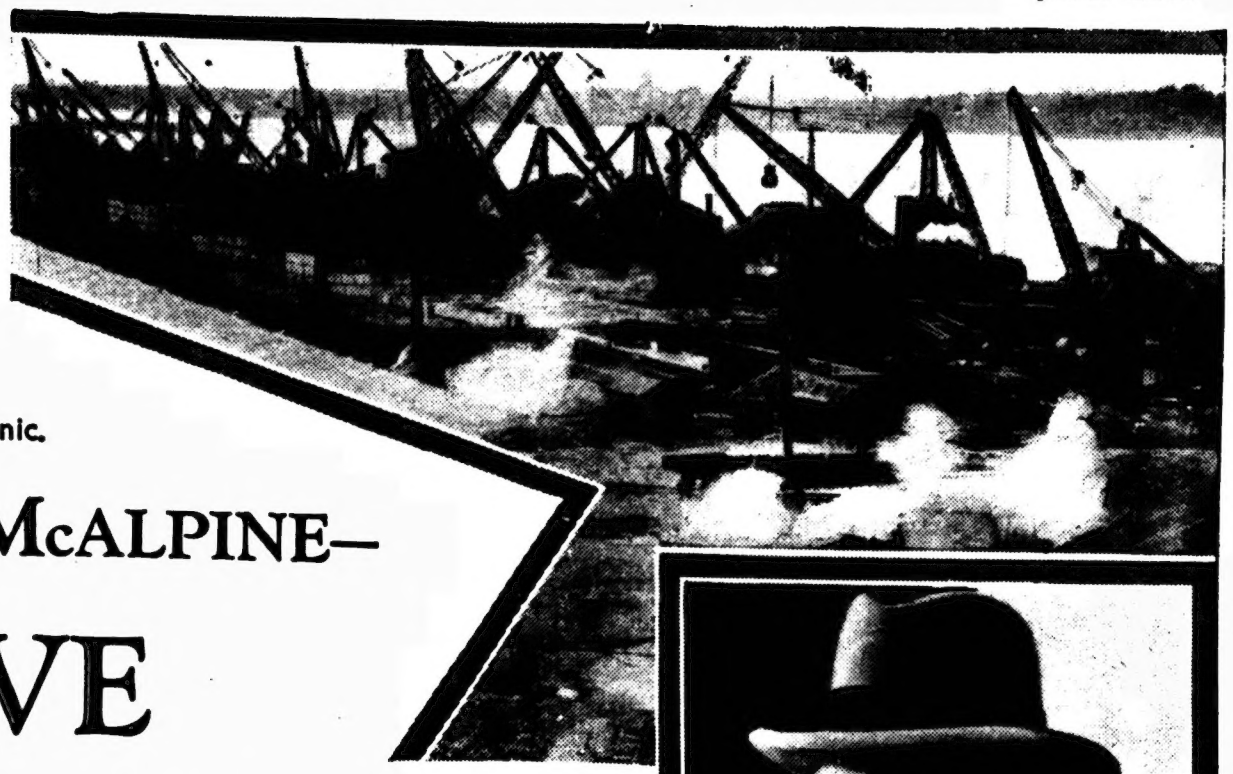
North Londoners have been canvassed by an astute swindler carrying attractive samples of hosiery, handkerchiefs, scent and fancy novelties at very tempting prices. His method was to book the order and take a small deposit.

The goods have not been delivered, nor can the man be traced, as his receipt was merely scrawled on a form torn from a common book of receipts.

Housewives cannot be too careful when dealing with these doorstep merchants.

ADAMSON'S— *Wrong, wrong trail*



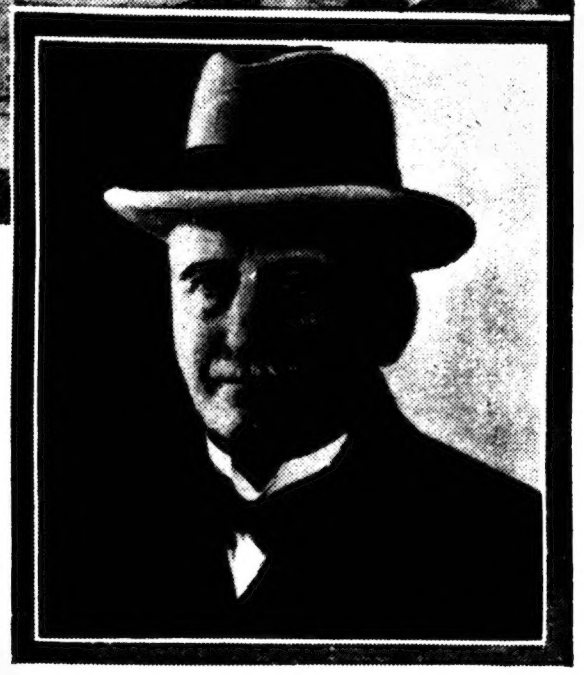


WHILE the fate of great liners is in the balance, Sir Robert McAlpine, the world-famous contractor, tells the romance of his latest adventure—the construction of the £13,000,000 docks at Southampton which are intended to accommodate such vessels as the giant Cunarder.

Sir Robert, who is eighty-five, still finds that hard work is a joy and a tonic.

SIR ROBERT McALPINE—

ALIVE *at Eighty-Five*



Sir Robert's work at the docks will go on—"and it will make Southampton one of the finest harbours in the world"

HOW does life look from the angle of eighty-five? Speaking as one who is still fond of work at that age, I can honestly say that it looks good.

My firm has £6,000,000 worth of contracts on its books at the moment, so you will see that I have no time for dismal introspection. I have been busy ever since I landed my first job as a master-man, some sixty odd years ago. I remember that job well: it was to carry out repairs on a mine chimney—and it brought me in about £2 9s.

Compare that with the work my firm is doing to-day for the Southern Railway at Southampton Docks, which is part of a scheme that will cost £13,000,000 before it is completed.

Do not imagine that my rise in the world has all happened like a fairy tale. It has involved much hard work and many sacrifices.

Glory of achievement

THOUGH the new scheme at Southampton was primarily started to provide accommodation for great ships of the type of the giant Cunarder, whose construction, unhappily, is now at a standstill, the work at the docks will go on and it will make Southampton one of the finest harbours in the world.

We are constructing a deep-water quay wall, which, when completed, will be 7,300 feet long. The largest liners in the world will be able to moor there to discharge passengers and cargo.

This wall is to be formed of seventy-eight monoliths—each as high as an average block of London flats, and some forty-five feet square.

It is slow work forcing down 7,000-ton monoliths. Cast-iron blocks, weighing 10,000 tons, have been necessary for sinking these into position, and Nature does not let us have things all our own way. From the outset we have had to contend with variations in the subsoil, which naturally cause the monoliths to sink to varying levels. To maintain an even height is therefore a pretty problem.

As the quay wall is being constructed the land behind is being reclaimed and drained so that transport buildings and sheds can be erected on it.

But this is only one of the many jobs that my firm now has in hand, and I can remember the details of them all, without having to refer to papers or books.

Nor do I easily forget work that is past. A year or more ago we completed the construction of the new dry dock and entrance at Tilbury Docks, at the cost of £2,500,000; then there was also the extensive £3,000,000 harbour at Takoradi, on the Gold Coast.

As a building job, I suppose you would call Dorchester House, the mammoth Mayfair hotel, another big contract, and I certainly recall it with pride because it happens to be the largest concrete construction of its kind in the world.

You might call it a crowning glory to my years of study in the uses of concrete; and its rapid construction—a floor every ten days—is something of an achievement.

The whole building, from the ground floor upwards, was completed and the hotel opened to receive visitors within nine months; and I ought to say that this would not have been possible but for the co-operation of trade-union officials, and, of course, the men.

Another stride in my firm's career is marked by the Carreras "Black Cat" factory in London. It is the largest concrete factory in the world, and has a floor area of nine acres.

I do not see anything surprising in the fact that I am still fond of my work at eighty-five, and I still look forward to completing many more big contracts. I am as keen as ever, and often feel that I am only just beginning.

I am a firm believer in the maxim that the only sure road to success is hard work and an ability to stand up against reverses.

I received a pretty hard knock just as I was beginning to achieve some measure of success in life. I lost everything in the crash of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1877, during the depression following the Franco-Prussian War. It meant that I had to start all over again at the bottom—or accept ruin. I started again.

It was a long fight and involved many a desperately hard struggle. But I eventually won through, and my experience then has convinced me that all the joy is in fighting. It is the striving for success that is the fun—not the attainment.

Truth wins, I've found

IN fighting your way in this world you have got to take a certain amount of risk. Any man who plunges in the dark is a fool—but taking risks with your eyes open is another matter.

There are two ideas I've got firmly fixed in my mind, and I may as well pass them on:

The first is that I do not believe in keeping any secrets of my own. I keep other people's and get entrusted with plenty of them; but so far as I am concerned I do not think there is anything to be gained from mysteries. The man who has something to hide—who is afraid of the world knowing about it—is a miserable man.

The second idea I cherish is that truth is always best. Some people would lie to cover up trivial and foolish mistakes; but my belief is that telling the plain, unvarnished truth will get you out of most difficulties.

Most people recognise when a man is telling the truth and are reasonable accordingly. As for mistakes—every ordinary man makes plenty of them, and the wise men profit by the experience.

Young folk sometimes complain that they haven't got the same chances of success as those of my own generation had, but I am inclined to think that sometimes they are too frivolous and fond of pleasure.

"Ask my sons!"

PERHAPS they are not altogether to blame, for so much is done for them to-day. We had to make our own pleasures when I was young, or go without amusements.

Possibly it was this necessity to discover outlets for our youthful spirits and natural desire for fun which developed our initiative. We were forced to find out things without help.

In the present wonderful age, when science is daily making smoother many aspects of life and providing more and more that is entertaining and amusing, there is bound to be a tendency to expect all things ready-made. That tendency is fatal.

In spite of the increased cost of living I have no patience for the hesitant young man who complains that he cannot afford to marry. I suspect him of selfishness.

I married on twenty shillings a week, knowing that it would mean a hard struggle. But I met the right partner, and so I did not count the cost. We married determined to succeed.

So I still go working on; and those around me have to work as well. Ask my sons! I am afraid I must be rather a terror to them at times.

Yes; at eighty-five I still enjoy life; and you can take it from me that hard work, setbacks, disappointments, and even strokes of crushing ill-luck, all combine to make life worth-while if you face it in the right spirit.

That is the honest truth.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Great Scot! It can't be true

"Show them me!"

Dr. JOHN HARVEY,
Glasgow

DEAR DOCTOR,—It is refreshing for Englishmen to read that you declare over 1,000,000 Scotsmen to be permanently dull or feeble-minded.

Englishmen only see, nowadays, the Scotsmen who so quickly assume positions of importance, that a home-returning Scot once said: "No, I did not see any Englishmen in London—I only interviewed heads of departments."

You would be conferring a benefit on disheartened Englishmen if you let them see some of these feeble-minded Scotsmen, who, apparently, are only bright enough to succeed in their native land.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon.
VISCOUNT SANKEY, G.B.E.,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—I strongly urge you, as head of the Law Department, to use your great influence to bring about an alteration in the law relating to offences against little girls.

Male offenders, such as those who murdered Vera Hoad and Vera Page, nearly always have criminal records in the police courts.

Invariably they are very astute persons who are thoroughly well aware that if they plead guilty in the police court to charges of this character the magistrate has no option but to sentence them out of hand, *and the maximum is six months' hard labour.*

If the law were amended so as to provide that all offences against girls and women must be tried by a judge and jury at the Assizes these ghouls could then be sent to penal servitude.

Very often lay magistrates pass trifling sentences for unspeakable offences, and the criminals are soon free to pursue their terrible course.

The fear of heavy punishment would act as a great deterrent, and during the longer period of imprisonment mental experts would be able to decide whether the offenders were capable of being cured or whether they should be put away for life.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. C. BINGLEY,
Marylebone Police Court, London

DEAR SIR,—I have for long urged that subscribers to loan clubs should be safeguarded. But I am amazed at the remark you made when dealing with a defaulting secretary who was out of work and "on the dole."

"What do the members expect?" you asked. I will tell you. Just as the poor help the poor, so they trust each other, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred that trust is not misplaced.

JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES,
Ystrad, Rhondda Valley

YOUR WORSHIPS,—I wish all magistrates were as humane and understanding as you.

When a woman appeared before you on a charge of theft, you found that she was penniless and had stolen in order to buy Christmas toys for her babies. Before this offence she had borne a blameless character.

You bound her over for twelve months. This was a wise decision, likely to do more good than a fine or imprisonment.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev.
LORD WM. GASCOYNE CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter

MY LORD,—In a violent attack on the kinema, you say that film stories "are often rendered with an indecency which would be much more dangerous if it were not so common that it has ceased to shock." At the same time you admit that you never go to the "pictures."

You are, of course, entitled to your opinions, but do you think it fair to damn the most popular form of entertainment merely on hearsay?

I remember that you once declared, too, that England was in decay, it was right to kill half-starved people who threatened a country's order, and, in effect, that the falling birth-rate was a grave danger because we must have sufficient children to build up a big army.

It seems plain, my lord, that you have no sense of humour, and so cannot realise the absurdity of your remarks:

JOHN BULL.

Miss CHRISTINA PAYNTER,
Brighton

DEAR CHRISTINA, After competing for forty days and forty nights in a non-stop dancing contest at Nice, you collapsed, your legs terribly swollen.

But you are lucky to have escaped from this senseless, nerve-racking ordeal so lightly. Other women were carried shrieking from the hall and taken to nursing-homes; strong men became nervous wrecks.

I hope your experience will be a lesson to you and a warning to those people who are trying to promote such contests in England.

We don't want this maddening and monotonous business here, and I trust the authorities will take steps to prevent it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BENNY OSLER,
Captain of the Springboks

DEAR BENNY,—You and your fine side of athletes have been subjected to a great deal of ignorant and ill-natured criticism.

Let me assure you that the Rugby loving public of Britain does not join in this unsportsmanlike carping.

Yours is perhaps the cleanest living and one of the fairest touring combinations we have seen in this country. And who shall blame you for playing hard to win?

The tactics you employ are not new—they were equally clean and popular twenty years ago—and it is hard to understand the objections of some of the critics.

Play on and win—if you can! You have the good wishes of all sport enthusiasts.

JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK THOMAS ADAMS,
Buxton

ROGUE,—For embezzling money belonging to the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen you have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Although the sum mentioned in the charges was only £12, it was stated that the total deficiency amounted to £250. No fewer than thirty-six members' names were omitted from your books.

You were a fool to think that you could get away with embezzlement, and a scoundrel to jeopardise the position of other members of the society. I am glad to see that all who were lapsed from membership through your trickery have been reinstated.

I am equally glad that you have received the punishment you so richly deserve.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. H. B. LEES-SMITH: "One minute's waiting at the end of a telephone is longer than ten minutes on a racecourse."

Not if you are looking for a welsher.

MRS. F. E. KEY: "We women must learn new habits—political habits."

Why spoil things by dragging in politics?

MR. INGLEBY ODDIE (Paddington Coroner): "It is better to stand still if you get caught in any traffic."

Your sound advice should be posted up at every big road crossing.

MR. ERNEST READ: "Boys love the bassoon, but girls are not keen about it."

They prefer an older and more persuasive instrument—the tongue.

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR,—I want to congratulate the Newcastle and Gateshead Vigilance Association, of which you are secretary, on the splendid work it is doing to protect girls who leave Tyneside to enter domestic situations in London.

These girls frequently find themselves in undesirable surroundings, and it is left to your representatives to rescue them. In cases where you have not been consulted, girls have disappeared and are still missing.

Now you have devised a scheme for the girls to be escorted to their destinations by women employees of a coach company.

This idea deserves to be taken up in South Wales and other parts of the country. Meanwhile, your association and the motor-coach company are setting a fine example.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. J. H. Whitley, Chairman of the B.B.C. Governors, supplies

WREATHS *for the* B.B. Caesars

AS chairman of the B.B.C.,
It causes me acute distress
When comments ill-informed I see
Appearing in the public Press
Suggesting there are things which could be
Better arranged, and really should be!

Some people want to know, you know,
Just who is on the Board;
And what precisely So-and-so
Has done to earn the rich reward
Of those who, living days laborious,
Reign o'er the ether, great and glorious.

We number only five, but you
Might range the whole wide world around,
And 'neath the sky's great vault of blue
No better gov'nors could be found—
With talents more diverse and tireless,
To govern *something*—maybe wireless!

From recent Press comments, an uninformed person might suppose that the governors of the B.B.C. were selected by drawing five names from one of those hats through which Savoy Hill lecturers are in the habit of talking.

But those charged with the task of providing entertainment for 20,000,000 listeners were not chosen in quite this haphazard way. The qualifications of my four colleagues will be obvious when I tell you that Dr. Rendall was formerly headmaster of Winchester School, that Lord Gainford is a mineowner who knows quite a lot about coal, that Mr. Harold Brown (who has just been appointed) is a solicitor, equally well-informed regarding Habeas Corpus and the Married Woman's Property Act, while Lady Snowden is the wife of Lord Snowden.

Regarding my own qualifications, it would be immodest of me to speak, but since I was once Speaker of the Westminster Talk Shop, listeners will readily admit my right to preside over an institution which has an incurable passion for talks.

Some critics suggest that if a former headmaster is a suitable B.B.C. governor Mr. George Robey would probably be a successful headmaster. They also assert that while they would rather trust Mr. Harold Brown than (say) Mr. C. B. Cochran to draw up a will, there is just a possibility that Mr. Cochran might be better at drawing up a radio programme.

Such reasoning might carry weight with a mere commercial concern. But the B.B.C. is a bureaucratic organisation, and it will be a sad day for England if she ever allows experts to supplant amateurs in the management of her national institutions.

This is not our British way! To place the entertainment of radio listeners under the control of those with inside knowledge of the entertainment industry would be as ill-advised as to allow a sailor to control the Admiralty.

Now, young and old, just listen to me
If you wish to preside o'er the B.B.C.
Then do not make the mistake I pray
Of managing concerts, staging a play,
Or running a show at a music-hall—
For that sort of thing won't do at all.

If Savoy Hill happens to be your goal
Reveal an int'rest in law or coal.
Learn to make Latin verses scan,
Become the wife of a famous man,
Or qualify as an ex-M.P.—
And you then may rule o'er the B.B.C.

LET'S ALL SAVE OURSELVES!

"The crash will provoke a revolution, possibly civil war"—riots in Berlin

by A. G. GARDINER

THE issue before the Diplomatic Conference that meets at Lausanne on January 18 is the most momentous in history. Primarily it is, Can Germany be saved?

But involved in this is the larger question, Can European civilisation be saved? For if Germany collapses tomorrow, Europe will collapse the day after. If there is one lesson bitten into us by the terrific happenings of the last year it is that we sink or swim together.

We are perilously near sinking. The Lausanne Conference may be the last chance of saving the ship.

The question, Can Germany be saved? therefore, is as much an English question and a French question and an American question as it is a German question. In asking it, we are thinking of our own skins even more than of the skin of Germany.

I think Germany can be saved and I think she will be saved; but she will only be saved on two considerations—first, that Mr. MacDonald, M. Laval and the rest of the delegates remember that it is not mere national interests that are at stake, but European civilisation itself; second, that they face the naked facts boldly and act swiftly and decisively.

What are the facts? The dominant and incontrovertible fact is that the whole post-war policy of Europe has been founded on a terrific fallacy. It is the fallacy that one country engaged in the war could be made to pay for all the ruin caused by the war.

Bottomless pit

I am not concerned here with the moral question whether Germany ought to pay all the costs of the war. I am concerned with the practical question. Could she pay? Obviously she could not. But for twelve years, under the despotic influence of France, we have insisted that she could.

In order to make the impossible seem possible, money has been poured into her chiefly by America and England in order that, with her borrowings, she could pay what she was in fact unable to pay.

The farce continued for ten years. It undermined the whole financial system of the world. It upset the whole equilibrium of world trade. It caused the available gold supply of the world to flow into two channels, France and the United States, and to become immobilised there. Gold became dear, commodities became cheap, and the disequilibrium led to a universal paralysis of the world's activities.

The centre of the disease was in Germany, but the disease itself spread from country to country and from hemisphere to hemisphere until it enveloped the earth.

Anxious gaze

Even the gold-hoarding countries at last became involved, and with the economic crash in the United States in 1929 world bankruptcy became imminent.

The borrowings by which Germany had seemed to be paying the terrific war penalties imposed on her ceased, and last summer came the financial collapse which, starting in Austria, spread to Germany and plunged this country into the desperate position with which we are still struggling.

To-day every country turns with anxiety to Lausanne for release from the chains which are binding its limbs and strangling its life. The one hopeful fact is, indeed, the universality of the suffering. While France and America seemed to be prospering in spite of the general catastrophe, it was impossible to look to them for reason.

But now the United States are as hard hit as the rest and France itself is beginning to feel the full effects of the blizzard. True, they still demand their pound of flesh. The one will not forgo its reparations, the other will not cancel its war debts.

But both are becoming acutely conscious that the one remedy for their ills is the restoration of international trade. Until the mechanism of commerce is re-established and the channels of trade are open again for the exchange of goods each nation is doomed to perish within its own frontier.

The key of the situation lies in Germany. She has broken down under the burden which the Peace of Versailles imposed on her, and is on the point of collapsing into chaos. Her coffers are empty.

Poverty stalking

For six months Germany has been kept on her feet by the suspension of reparations and the standstill agreement for her vast short-term loans. Her unemployed number five and a half millions and her population is reduced to a condition of poverty as severe as anything experienced during the war.

The *Times* a few days ago published a moving description by its special correspondent of the condition of the people in the countryside.

In the Ruhr he saw hundreds of people with soap-boxes on wheels hunting among the mud near the pit-heads for scraps of coal, elsewhere hundreds more searching in the harvested fields for stray potatoes that had been left behind.

The end with her is near. If the Lausanne Conference does not bring her relief, the crash will come next month with her default on her short-term loans. This will almost certainly bring down the Government and provoke a revolution, possibly a civil war, for which the Fascist and Communist factions have long been preparing.

Whichever extreme won, the consequences would be disastrous for Europe. It would be faced with a derelict Germany, heaving with convulsions within and infuriated with the nations without that have brought her to ruin.

Her fall would shake the already tottering financial structure of the world to the dust, and the end of the year on which we have just entered might well witness the irrevocable collapse not of Germany alone, but of the whole world system as we have known it.

Lift that curse

The peril can be averted. It can be averted by the Lausanne Conference recognising that the curse which hangs not over Germany only, but over the whole earth, is the curse of reparations and war debts, and by resolutely lifting that curse.

It must be lifted, not for the sake of Germany, but for the sake of all of us. It must be lifted, not temporarily, but finally.

Merely to extend the moratorium for two years or even five years will only prolong the agony. It will keep the world seething with fears and panics as it is to-day. It will prevent that recovery of confidence which is the only cure for the paralysis that has fallen upon the earth from East to West and from pole to pole.

I don't think there is any need to fear that the counsels of this country will be on the side of wisdom. Next to Germany herself, we have suffered most from the desolating consequence of the Peace of Versailles.

We have been stricken in that world trade which is the life-blood of our existence. We have cancelled hundreds of millions of our allies' debts to us and paid their debts to America. We have sacrificed much: we have gained nothing. In our case it is clear that the saving of Germany is the saving of ourselves.

Would doom all

It is with France that the issue rests. Her action at Lausanne will decide the fate of Germany. But I beg M. Laval to remember that it will decide much more than the fate of Germany. It will in the end decide the fate of France also.

She has been the chief architect of the world's crisis. On the wreck of Germany she has risen to a military and financial dictatorship of Europe unprecedented in history, for even Napoleon at his zenith had not both elements of supremacy.

But the writing on the wall is for her as well as for the rest of us. She cannot prosper alone. Already she is being caught in the maelstrom, and if Europe is doomed she is doomed with it. Her salvation, like our own, is bound up with the salvation of Germany.

Great as she is, she cannot afford to incur the hatred of the world as the nation which, in the pursuit of selfish ends, brought civilisation to utter catastrophe.

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Father's Failings

IN his interesting life-story, Sir Oliver Lodge tells some things about the happy intercourse he enjoys with the various members of his large family. He says that, half in fun, he has sometimes expressed gratitude that such delightful people as his sons and daughters should have thought it worth while to come and live with him and their mother.

But he also confesses that since the children grew up he has learned to his surprise that when they were young they were afraid of him. This was at a time when he was over-worked, trying to increase his income for their sakes, but was too busy to see much of them.

He says: "Truly I fear I did not get to know them properly when they were small. My work was a fearful grind, and, as a result, perhaps I was sometimes irritable—not often, I hope."

He humbly tells of a bad mistake he made in a moment of ill-temper. Annoyed by a trickle of water on the window-sill of the room where he was writing, he rushed upstairs and found that the children had been watering a plant on the ledge outside the window of their bedroom.

The tale goes on: "I learned too late that it was one they had been trying to cultivate and were fond of. God forgive me, I flung it out of the window. I heard it smash on the ground below; and, after that, I heard a quiet sobbing from the beds as I shut the door of the room."

The big tender-hearted man has reproached himself with that hasty action ever since. What a good thing it would be for the world if no father had to reproach himself with more!

We little know what we are doing when we bruise the sensitive feelings of a child. He may appear not to care, but he does care; if he is treated unjustly, or held up to ridicule before others, or silenced by your superior strength, you have lost his confidence and you may never get it back.

It is a sad thing when young people drift apart from their elders, and it is not always through the wrong-headedness of youth: very often it derives from loss of sympathy in childhood.

Fear is akin to hate, and constraint is not far from both.

Father, be a comrade, not a master, to your boys. Mother, be your daughter's best friend, never a mere fault-finder; keep young with your children.

The day may come when their loyal companionship will be worth more to you than anything else in the world.

BIG STORE SENSATION

Luxurious fashion-houses run by Mendelson in New Oxford Street and Regent Street

Joseph Mendelson, who has figured in several big store crashes

THE average woman shopper's natural love of a bargain, legitimately catered for by all big stores, is often shamefully exploited by speculative individuals who bring discredit upon the trade and involve honest manufacturers in serious financial losses by their unscrupulous methods.

It is the purpose of this article to denounce one particularly persistent offender in this respect.

We must begin by giving something of the history of a fashion house which, until a few months ago, was conducted in the name of Mentone, Ltd., at premises in New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

This store was popular with thousands of women, for in settings that were the last word in modernity it displayed fashionable frocks, gowns, costumes and fur coats at prices which were frequently lower than prevailed elsewhere.

Quick fade-out

To-day the business is in liquidation.

From what we can gather regarding its inner finances, we fear there will be little or nothing for countless creditors who furnished money or goods under varying promises and representations.

Tracing its affairs back to the inception of Mentone, Ltd., in 1925, we find that the originator was Joseph Mendelson, of 152, Highbury New Park, London, N.5, who is adept at thrusting highly speculative and extravagant ventures upon the public.

Mentone, Ltd., was launched with a modest £1,000—a meagre capital indeed for such a very ambitious scheme.

Mendelson and his wife Betty—who has been associated with him in other reckless undertakings—were the first and sole directors and held the whole of the company's £1 shares between them.

Under Mendelson's deft guidance the business of Mentone, Ltd., presented a flourishing outward appearance for three and a half years; and though difficulties with creditors were frequently encountered, it continued to conduct its business as if nothing was amiss.

One day a momentous board meeting took place at the New Oxford Street premises. In solemn majesty Mendelson took the chair and, after a few words with the only other director—his wife—signed a minute decreeing that the capital of the company should from that moment be increased from a paltry £1,000 to £50,000.

After this things moved swiftly. Mrs. Mendelson resigned from the board and was replaced by a furrier, whom Joseph Mendelson had induced to part with several thousand pounds.

It was not long before this new director began to object to some of the methods that had been employed. Then, about a year later, Mendelson, who, of course, had guided the company's affairs through most of its lifetime, resigned.

Doomed

The remaining director made sincere efforts to get the company on its feet, but it was futile, and matters came to a head a few months ago with the appointment of a receiver.

Some idea of the disastrous position can be gathered from the fact that a statement of affairs recently issued discloses liabilities of £73,626 for goods, loans, and other matters to unsecured creditors alone.

Though those connected with Mentone, Ltd., in its latter stages did all they could to avert disaster, they had to fight a losing battle.

The scandal is that the business ever came into existence at all.

In the first place, Mendelson—or Mendleson, as he is sometimes known—is an alien of Polish origin, whose real name is Mendlewitch.

That an unnaturalised alien can form a company on these lines in such circumstances is a scandal that long ago demanded official attention.

Mendelson only emerged from Pentonville jail a few weeks before he established himself so luxuriously in New Oxford Street as Mentone, Ltd.

Fashion-house frauds

He had served a sentence of fifteen months for some of the most startling fashion-house frauds imaginable, and, in the view of many of his victims in the textile trade, he escaped lightly.

One of Mendelson's first ventures in this country was run on a colossal scale in Leicester Square, London, in the names of Maxsons, Ltd.

Its premises cost £40,000 to equip, and although it appeared to flourish for a time under the joint guidance of Mendelson and his gifted wife, it finally raced downhill to disaster.

Mendelson pursued the reckless policy of ordering goods from traders all over the country and disposing of them at preposterously low prices. Tempting bargains would be displayed attractively in his windows at, say, 30s., though their true price was nearer £6.

In the end Mendelson disappeared with judgments piling up against him, and was subsequently made bankrupt with liabilities of £90,000.

Sheer impudence

But this did not curb his recklessness. Other businesses were launched just as ambitiously—amongst them the World's Export Corporation, in which his wife was again a director.

He soon had liabilities amounting to £30,000.

To-day this irrepressible Pole is actually back at the same premises in New Oxford Street that were occupied by the disastrous Mentone, Ltd., running a newly-formed fashion house business called Menreka, Ltd.

Could such impudence be matched?

The Somerset House files reveal that the inseparable Joe and Betty are again the sole directors.

For the past year, too, a further company, called Romanze, Ltd., has occupied sumptuous premises in Regent Street. Mr. and Mrs. Mendelson are the leading lights there, too!

In the light of these revelations it is interesting to note that a manufacturer who supplied garments which cost him £7 10s. each to produce was recently staggered to see them displayed in the window of the Regent Street shop priced at 49s. 11d.

Certain creditors of Romanze, Ltd., have already become restive because of difficulties in getting accounts settled; and in all the circumstances of this very ambitious alien's career we think that the public as well as traders should know exactly with whom they are dealing.

Law Loophole

This is all the more desirable in view of the disgraceful fact that the company law does not make it necessary for an ex-convict—however bad his record in company disasters—to disclose full details of himself and his affairs in the official file.

A Lounge Lizard Bluffer

COMPLAINTS are pouring in from all parts of the country regarding the activities of a man who gives the name of John Stack, and who pretends to be touring on behalf of a big building firm.

In recent weeks he has been ostensibly looking for sites in Norwich, Southend, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells and Lowestoft; and now people in all these places are anxiously looking for him.

* * *

For John Stack, who also passes in other names, is an impostor. He represents no *bonâ fide* building contractor and is simply out to enrich himself at the expense of the credulous.

He is a man of about thirty-five, of smart appearance and pleasant manner. He dresses quietly and gives the impression of being a keen business man.

He drove up in a car to a Wolverhampton hotel recently and engaged rooms for "an indefinite period," declaring that he had been commissioned by a famous firm to find a site for new branch offices.

To lend colour to his story he even called upon a local solicitor to discuss his employers' requirements and to ask for assistance in his search.

In this way he soon became a known figure in the hotel, and in the lounge he made the acquaintance of a number of local business men, whom he induced to oblige him by cashing cheques for varying amounts.

All this time he was placing orders for goods of different kinds with local tradesmen, giving instructions for everything to be delivered at his hotel and promising prompt settlement.

* * *

When his cheques began to come back dishonoured Stack was not to be found. He had disappeared, leaving his bill unpaid.

His present whereabouts is unknown, but complaints show that he seems to favour the East Coast. There is every reason to suppose that coups of a similar nature which have been perpetrated in the names of George Norman and Arthur Hill are his work, so the public should bear the details of this warning in mind.

WE TACKLE YOUR TROUBLES

WHILE everyone hopes that 1932 will bring good fortune and prosperity, some of us must inevitably be called upon to face trouble in greater or lesser degree.

That is why JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service will not relax its efforts to help all readers, whatever their problems may be.

If you are the victim of injustice; if you feel that you have been duped, swindled or wronged in any way, do not hesitate to "write to JOHN BULL about it."

We have helped to right many wrongs in the past; let us help you.

While the dogs flash by on the straight a strange game goes on behind the scenes

A Disgrace to DOG-RACING

THE multitude of people who patronise greyhound racing know only the thrill of the sport itself. They would find it more exciting perhaps if they could also be spectators of the queer financial game which is played behind the scenes on some racing tracks.

This game has never been played in more audacious circumstances than at Southall, Middlesex, during the past two months by two young men, John Rogers and Albert Bertram, who, after contributing six disreputable weeks to the history of greyhound racing, have vanished.

To his former neighbours in Acton, Rogers was known only as a boarding-house proprietor, and Bertram as one of his permanent guests.

Loaded dice

In the sporting world they were known, however, as course bookmakers in the names of Ray and Keepe.

Bookmaking and boarding-house management did not produce profits fast enough for this ambitious pair. They had, in sad truth, become financially derelict.

So to enrich themselves they gambled their wits ruthlessly against the credulity of others. They have won; but it is to be hoped that the police will see reason to be interested in the story of their success.

Rogers and Bertram, although apparently not possessing the slightest capital, conceived the idea of providing the western suburbs of London with a sports stadium at which dog-racing would be the chief attraction.

They actually did so. The stadium, perfectly equipped with modern apparatus and laid out on the best lines, rose in three weeks.

Sports ground architects have marvelled at the speed of the achievement. It is more remarkable because the transformation was wrought, in this short time, upon what was practically waste land containing a great refuse dump.

The audacity used to perform the feat was colossal.

To the owner of the ground Rogers and Bertram represented that they were the founders of a company with powerful support, to be known as the Southall Stadium Company. By this pretext they obtained a lease of the land for fourteen years.

Their impudence was without limit. Next they induced a man well known in the public and business life of the district to undertake for them the supervision of the levelling and laying out of the ground and to hire the necessary labour.

For this purpose many teams of navvies were brought into service, and work went on by day and night. Incidentally, when it was completed and the man they had asked to carry it out sought settlement of his account, Rogers and Bertram bluffed him still further. They persuaded him to accept payment in the form of shares in their company, with the promise of a directorship.

They even succeeded early in this whirlwind exploit in obtaining bank loans guaranteed by people to whom, until a few days before, they had been total strangers.

Credit lays bricks

While the sports arena was being laid with beautiful turf, and the race track, bankings and terraces were being built, Rogers and Bertram were engaged in another campaign.

This was the acquisition of the most up-to-date fittings for a racecourse.

Only the best equipment, however costly, was good enough for their purpose. With extraordinary ease they induced firm after firm to supply what they required.

Finally, grand stands were built, and in twenty days a wilderness had become a model sports stadium, complete even with motor-car parks.

Ample kennel accommodation was available for the greyhounds. It was obtained simply by Rogers and Bertram taking over and converting a row of eleven garages outside the grounds.

Everything had been done on credit.

All was now ready for the opening race-meeting, except that a staff had to be assembled.

Paying to work!

That again was an easy matter for young men with the pushfulness and persuasiveness of Rogers and Bertram.

They just advertised the vacant posts and sold them, at not less than £50 each.

About £1,000 was obtained in this manner from eighteen applicants who were appointed as judges, starters, time-keepers, betting-ring stewards, and kennelmen, with a promise of a minimum salary of £5 weekly.

Their money was taken from them on the pretence that they would be shareholders of the Southall Stadium Company, Ltd.

There was no company of that name, and Rogers and Bertram never took steps to have one formed or registered.

Scarcely had racing started on the track than the storm clouds broke.

Officials and workmen were clamouring for their salaries and wages. Creditors were in constant attendance at the stadium, writs were being served, and every race-meeting was in danger of being stopped by the action of firms and tradesmen who had been callously deceived.

One day the electric light company was driven to cutting off the illumination and power supply of the stadium.

An electric hare without current is not much use in greyhound racing, and Rogers and Bertram took a desperate step to have the electricity restored.

Sold—again

They pretended to sell a share of their brand-new racecourse for an immediate cash deposit of £200, and with the money thus obtained they paid the lighting bill.

But it was a bogus sale.

Then the firm which had built the turnstiles at the entrance gates sent their men to the stadium to remove the turnstiles.

It was touch-and-go night after night in these few weeks if racing would have to be abandoned, because it was doubtful if there would be greyhounds to provide the sport.

Ninety dogs had been leased to the track, and the owners of the animals threatened to withdraw them because of non-payment.

The creditors' siege became so intense that Rogers and Bertram had to capitulate somehow. They chose the daring method of selling the racecourse without taking into account any of the £4,000 liabilities which they had incurred in these astounding circumstances.

First they dismissed the staff of investors they had engaged and turned them adrift with worthless pieces of paper showing that they were shareholders in a non-existent company.

For a cash payment of £400 to themselves they sold the stadium lock, stock and barrel, leaving in the lurch the host of creditors at whose expense it had been built.

No one has since been able to find either Rogers or Bertram. There seems every reason why the police should join in the hunt for them.

BOGUS LAWYER'S JEWEL HAULS

JEWELLERS in places as far apart as London and Liverpool have been cleverly defrauded by a polished rogue named Silverman, who cannot now be traced.

He was in London a week ago, but as he is in the habit of travelling rapidly from town to town it is impossible to say where he may crop up next.

On the occasion of his last appearance he victimised a firm of London West End jewellers by a most ingenious ruse.

Before visiting their establishment a telephone message was received from a man representing himself as a member of the firm's solicitors.

He announced that he was sending a professional friend along who was anxious to choose some rings, and would be much obliged if this friend could be accorded every facility in making his choice.

Later, Silverman entered the jeweller's posing as the "friend," and instantly won attention by his pleasant manner and appearance, quite apart from the supposed introduction he carried.

He proffered a card which purported to show him as the senior partner of another firm of solicitors, and then asked to be allowed to inspect some diamond rings.

A large variety was produced for his benefit, and the bogus solicitor spent some considerable time comparing different styles. Incidentally, he showed discriminating taste and, finally, having set several rings on one side, he asked if he might be allowed to take them away for a lady friend to make the final choice.

In view of the manner in which the customer had been recommended to them, the jewellers agreed; and that was the last they saw of him or of the valuable articles of jewellery he carried away.

The foregoing is typical of the many coups that Silverman has perpetrated of late. He deals exclusively in diamonds, but so far no clue has arisen as to the manner in which he disposes of his plunder.

If this warning is instrumental in bringing about his early arrest, all the better.

THE TRIER WHO WON

"I AM sorry, but I cannot offer fellow competitors any formula for use in connection with crosswords." Mr. Oswald Ainley, of 112, Moor End Road, Lockwood, Huddersfield, shook his head. He had just been told that he was the winner of the £750 prize in JOHN BULL's Crossword Competition No. 145.

"The best advice I can offer," he went on, "is to urge competitors to keep on trying. Ever since crossword problems were instituted I have tried to solve them successfully. They have been my hobby, and I have devoted at least one evening a week to them.

"The winning of a big money prize was not the sole object: my wife and I have found crosswords a great pleasure and one which does not easily grow stale."

• • •

Mr. Ainley has not previously won any prize in a crossword competition, although on several occasions, within the past three months, he has been very close to success.

"When one gets to being within a single word from success," he commented, "the feeling comes that persistence will be rewarded in the end. In my case it has proved so."

Mr. Ainley, who is thirty-eight, is married and has a son of three.

"What shall I do with the money? Ah! I expect everyone will be asking me that. I do not know yet, but you may be sure I shall put it to good use. I haven't the slightest intention of giving up my job or of having any kind of a 'splash.' In all probability I shall invest it in a first-class security—and keep on trying.

"I do not know any more absorbing hobby or one that appeals to me more."

• • •

Have you tried crosswording? It's great fun—and there's the fascinating possibility of a fortune for you. See page 32.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Colds are caused by disease germs breathed into the respiratory tract when the victim is "below par" and lacks the vitality to resist them. The inhaling of the antiseptic vapour of Vapex at the first onset of a cold cleanses the breathing passages and destroys the germs at their point of entry into the system.

Laboratory tests and sixteen years of actual use have proved that Vapex quickly kills germs which cause colds, influenza, etc., and restores the system to normal health. Vapex is pleasant and refreshing—so much so that many people make a habit of putting a daily drop on their handkerchiefs. And at night-time, a drop on their pillows gives them protection or relief while they sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size)

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
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Yours!

FOR ONLY 6/- PER MONTH

LESS THAN 2½ PER DAY
BRITISH MADE & FULLY GUARANTEED

SPECIFICATION:—
Frame & Forks of best quality Weldless Steel Tubing. Dunlop Champion Tyres. Saddle Leatherlex 3-Coil. Free Wheel. Roller Chain ½ in. x ⅛ in. Finish—Enamelled best brilliant black one coat of special rust preventative, lined two colours. Heavily nickel plated. Sizes: Gent's, 22, 24, 26in. Ladies' 22 & 24in. Boys' and Girls' 18 and 20in.

Cash Price
59/6
or 12 payments 6/-
3-speed 20/- extra
Ladies' & Girls' 67/6
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3-speed 22/- extra

CAMAGES, Holborn, E.C.1
& 107, Cheapside

Carriage Paid England & Wales. Ireland & Scotland 3/6

Bedtime is always welcome now

OFF to bed—willingly and happily—with never a grumble that bedtime has come too soon. For they have delicious "Ovaltine" as their "goodnight" beverage — just as Mummy and Daddy do.

The sleep of happy, healthy childhood comes quickly to them. And while they sleep the rich nourishment "Ovaltine" so abundantly supplies restores their tired little bodies and creates new stores of energy to replace that which they have been so prodigal in spending all day long.

During the winter months "Ovaltine" is specially valuable. The robust health it gives keeps them free from coughs and colds and fortifies them against measles and other epidemic infections.

"Ovaltine" is not a mere mixture of powdered malt, milk powder, dried eggs and cocoa, but an original product prepared from home-grown produce—malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It contains no indigestible starch and no added sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Sugar is cheap and can be added in the home if required.

'OVALTINE'
Tonic Food Beverage

Reduced Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3

P. 791

HUGE Share Plot EXPOSED

by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs

LET me throw a little light this week on a firm called Henderson and Company, of 3, Broad Street Place, London, E.C.2.

These self-styled stock and share brokers were fined the other day for a breach of the Business Names Regulations; but, from enquiries I have caused to be made, it is clear that far graver offences can be laid at their door.

The registered proprietor is a Mr. Henry Henderson, who gave his address as the Strand Palace Hotel, London, W.C.

The police discovered, however, that at the time their enquiries were made, he was only using the hotel as an address for the receipt of letters.

This is very interesting, for though Mr. Henderson may be the registered proprietor of Henderson and Company, I shall presently reveal that there are a number of notorious financiers lurking in the background.

Henderson and Company is flooding the country with circulars which suggest that it is an old-fashioned firm of considerable standing. It professes to be in a position to furnish reliable predictions regarding coming share booms in which huge profits can be made.

Crafty campaign

There are proud references to past achievements in this direction and the big money earned for existing clients who had pinned their faith on the firm.

But I cannot help noting that nowhere in the literature is there any detailed information of any such profit transactions, so there is only Mr. Henderson's word to go on.

I agree that there may be little to which exception could be taken in the circulars that Henderson and Company is now so freely distributing; but I can state definitely that they form the opening move in a cleverly-planned campaign to exploit certain loopholes in the new Companies Act, which bogus financiers have already discovered.

In most cases recipients of these circulars have never heard of Henderson and Company before, and if they are puzzled to know why they are being favoured with this firm's offers I can soon enlighten them.

Picking their lambs

Henderson and Company does not work upon any haphazard mailing list. It selects prospective clients very carefully from people who are known to be interested in certain classes of investment.

Clerks in its employ make regular visits to Somerset House, where, by paying the usual fee, they can inspect the files of *bonâ fide* companies and copy out names and addresses of any investors they choose.

It is because the new Companies Act makes it an offence for brokers to solicit custom by personal canvass unless they have been in correspondance with a client that Henderson and Company is sending out its seemingly innocent circulars.

But I have discovered that this firm speedily follows up all its circulars by despatching an eloquent representative to furnish glowing details of forthcoming "opportunities."

The crafty part of this manœuvre is that there is thus no record of what happens at an interview, or of the nature of the verbal inducements to clients to invest money.

Lightning share-pushers

I have found out enough about Henderson and Company to warn my readers to fling its circulars into the wastepaper-basket, and to close their doors to its smooth-tongued canvassers.

It is abundantly clear that these particular share-pushers are speedy workers, for, far from being the old-established firm its literature suggests, Henderson and Company has only been in existence since September, 1931.

It was launched, in fact, barely a week or two after its registered proprietor—Henry Henderson—arrived in England from Canada.

He reached England, I find, as recently as August last.

Old hands

But far greater revelations can be made.

I daresay the address from which the circulars in the present campaign are being despatched conveys nothing to the people approached, but it is significant that 3, Broad Street Place, has been the headquarters of many share ramps conducted by Jacob Factor and his accomplices.

Observation has revealed, too, that many of the recent callers there have been individuals who have played active parts in former campaigns which have ended disastrously for British investors.

The truth is that Mr. Henry Henderson, of Montreal, does not really control the destinies of the company which bears his name.

The man who principally officiates at 3, Broad Street Place, is Max Gerson, who lives at a flat in York Terrace, London, N.W., and who has provided temporary refuge for more than one notorious share-pushing visitor to these shores.

Max Gerson is a man of many parts, not the least being that of a diamond factor in Hatton Garden.

He has figured in several swindling share-pushing escapades and is the man who, in Jacob Factor's pay, used to entertain him on his incognito visits to London, and confer with him at his luxurious hotel in Paris.

Financier friends

He was also a bosom companion of the notorious Sydney Godfrey, who is now serving a seven years' sentence for share frauds, and of other dubious financiers, including Sidney Tanfield and Maurice Bloom.

Gerson at one time figured as proprietor of a huge share-pushing concern run from a Hatton Garden office under the screen of "Premier Jewellers." On that occasion he was ejected by the landlord after officers under Chief-Inspector Berrett arrived to enquire into complaints received from victims of the share-pushing operations.

So, all things considered, readers should require no further warning regarding the offers now being made by Henderson and Company, whose affairs might well become the subject of an official enquiry.

Sir Chartres Biron, who recently fined Henderson for giving false particulars when registering his company

He Played the Clown in an Attic

In an attic a youngster is amusing all his pals by playing the clown—and his performance must be good, for does he not charge them a high price for admission? Their hard-won pins, cigarette pictures and marbles were then his fee, but to-day his hire has changed from pins to hundreds of pounds a week.

That boy's name was Stan Laurel. You must read the story of his struggles, and of his rise to fame in the issue of the *Picturegoer*, out to-morrow.

MAN WHO MILKS the DAIRYMEN

GLOWING stories of a new dairy combine form the basis of numerous frauds which have lately been committed by a rogue named Sydney Gibbons in and around London.

Gibbons is in the habit of advertising for experienced milk roundsmen, and, until quite recently, he interviewed applicants at an office in the neighbourhood of Wandsworth Road, London, S.W.

The impressive notepaper on which he wrote to make appointments suggested that his business was of some importance, and this illusion was fostered by Gibbons when discussing his projects in his office.

He represented himself as the head of a new enterprise known as "Somerset Dairies," and explained that with headquarters and numerous branches in greater London it was proposed to build up a very lucrative business.

Test of honour!

Numerous unemployed men have been definitely offered good posts at attractive salaries and have been so impressed by Gibbons' promises that they have parted with "deposits" of as much as £40 apiece in the belief that they were enjoying a privilege.

Gibbons has told them that he is forced to ask for these deposits as a guarantee of integrity because under the proposed scheme for capturing trade from established milk combines the roundsmen will have the responsibility of handling large sums of loose cash.

We do not know how much money Gibbons has obtained in this way, but we do know that he is being eagerly sought by a number of disappointed men.

Most of these are unemployed men who have never received the promised jobs and who are bemoaning the loss of savings they could ill spare.

Doubtful bargain

Though Gibbons has vacated his Wandsworth Road office he is still actively operating on the fringe of London.

Some of the latest complaints show that he is varying his methods on occasion by advertising to the effect that a flourishing dairy business is for sale.

He gives applicants convincing details of the supposed business, going into facts and figures with a thoroughness that at once disarms suspicion.

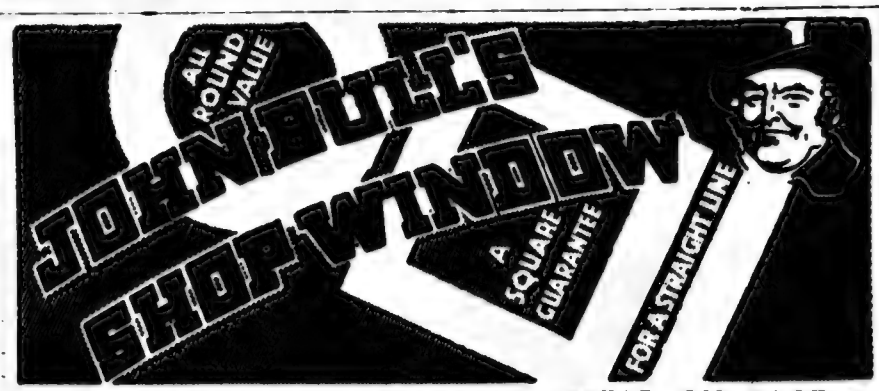
The purchase price is then disclosed, and, scenting a bargain, the applicants agree to Gibbons' request for a substantial cash deposit to secure an option on the property.

An appointment is made for them to be conducted over the premises, but it is never kept by Gibbons, who disappears as soon as he has pocketed the deposit.

The great pretender

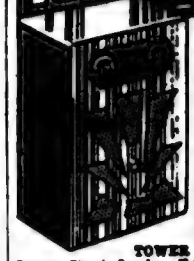
Enquiry then shows that the supposed business is non-existent, and that all the facts furnished by Gibbons must have emanated from his very vivid imagination.

In short, Sydney Gibbons is a thorough-paced scoundrel, and any reader who is able to throw light upon his latest movements should at once communicate with the police



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3.

NOW THE "NEW-THREE" ONLY £5 10



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TOWER ROYAL RADIO CO., Tower Royal, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Trade Enquiries Invited.

HIDE GAUNTLETS

Overall length 15 inches

Of pliable nut brown stout hide, specially treated to render absolutely waterproof. Cut in one piece, fingers gusseted and linen lining. These splendid Gloves are well-nigh indestructible and will give endless wear. Postage 6d. 3/6

Money-back Guarantee.

Take advantage of these surplus Government Military Gauntlet Gloves now, as they are an absolute bargain and undoubtedly cost treble our price to produce. Full Men's size only.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

SPARE-TIME £££'s

For Enterprising Men. Start a Profitable Business with

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY

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EASY PAYMENT TERMS

My Machine will print anything from a CHEMIST'S LABEL to an ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. Many men knowing nothing about printing, who started with an "Adana," now own Profitable businesses. Why not YOU? SEND AT ONCE for Full Free Particulars and samples of Actual Work Produced and details of my Special Offer of Easy Payment Terms by Small Instalments.

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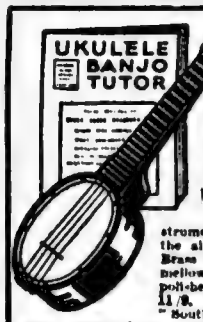

SEND NO MONEY.

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO.

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/6. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/6 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

SLIM SAFELY

WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 203A, 28, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

9 inches deep.
NOW REDUCED FROM 6/11 TO 4/11
11 inches deep 5/11. Over 36 in. 1/6 extra.
Superior quality 7/11, O.S. 9/11. Fine quality 50in Elastic 13/11, O.S. 14/11.

THE TRIPLE-WEAR FLOOR COVERING (*Extra quality*)

108 SQ FT *for* ONLY 2/- DOWN

You can now obtain this wonderful NEW-PROCESS Floor Covering on Easy Terms! Delivered (108 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-. Longer lengths pro rata. Warranted damp- and rot-proof. Exceptionally long-wearing. Ideal covering for stone or brick floors—Lies flat—no fixing required. Damp cloth cleans perfectly. Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces of TRINOLEUM (extra quality).

USE THIS COUPON

To Jones' Stores, 51, London Road, Croydon.

Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.

Name .....

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Listen next SUNDAY NIGHT *to* RADIO PARIS *at 10.30 and win* £500

"JOHN BULL'S" Grand Radio Concerts which are broadcast every Sunday night from Radio Paris at 10.30 have caught the enthusiasm of the great wireless public.

Congratulations are pouring in from all over the country, and thousands will again be listening to "John Bull's" Concert next Sunday night at 10.30 from Radio Paris, when 10 popular Gramophone records will be played and listeners will be asked to choose 8 and place them in entertainment order. For this simple effort, "John Bull" is offering the huge prize of £500 which Must Be Won.

Do not miss entering for this great Sunday evening home entertainment and contest.

The 10 popular records next Sunday will be introduced by

Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar, the famous Vaudeville Stars, who will be in Paris specially to give their own performance.

Here are the Ten Records!

Below is a list of the ten Gramophone Records which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday Evening, January 10th, commencing 10.30 p.m. When filling in your Entry Form quote only the "key" NUMBERS of the Records you select.

Key No.

1. **SAVOY HUNTING MEDLEY** (H.M.V., B.6089) *Played by the* NEW MAYFAIR DANCE ORCHESTRA.
2. **CLOSE YOUR EYES** (H.M.V., B.6109) *Played by* AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
3. **SHIPMATE O' MINE** (H.M.V., B.3839) *Sung by* PETER DAWSON.
4. **GRASSHOPPERS DANCE** (H.M.V., B.3970) *Played by* JACK HYLTON AND HIS BAND.
5. **THE NIGHTINGALE SONG** (H.M.V., E.552) *Sung by* ELIZABETH SCHUMANN.
6. **ALI BABA'S CAMEL** (H.M.V., 3985) *Sung by* CICELY COURTNEIDGE.
7. **LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG** (H.M.V., C.1410) ESSIE ACKLAND, Contralto with Organ.
8. **THE HAUNTED HOUSE** (*Novelty Fox-trot*) (H.M.V., B.6088) *Played by the* NEW MAYFAIR DANCE ORCHESTRA.
9. **WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME!** (H.M.V., B.3988) *Sung by* PATRICK WADDINGTON.
10. **FINLANDIA** (H.M.V., D.B.1584) *Played by the* PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

Rules and Conditions.

(1) On this page will be found a list of ten Gramophone Records, which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday, January 10th, commencing 10.30 p.m. Listen-in to these records—select what you consider are the best eight in their order of entertainment value—then fill in your selections accordingly on the Entry Forms provided, or on a blank piece of paper the size of a postcard. When this contest is closed—that is after all entries have been received—these records will be judged by a committee of three entertainment experts, who will select the eight best in their order of entertainment value. "John Bull" will pay the sum of £500 in cash to the entrant whose selection on one form agrees or most nearly agrees with the award of the experts. The judges will award the prize to the entrant whose placings of the entertainment value of the eight records selected correctly proceeds furthest down the list in accordance with the order decided upon by the committee of experts.

The decision of the Committee of experts in connection with Contest No. 2 will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale January 21st. The name of the winner will be announced in "John Bull" on sale January 28th.

(2) Entry Forms must be filled in by the entrant in ink, and must not be mutilated or altered or left incomplete.

(3) Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms. Each Entry Form must be cut out and must have one 1½d. stamp affixed to the space provided thereon. Entries may also be sent in on plain paper, the same size as an ordinary postcard, enclosed in an envelope, but each entry must have a 1½d. stamp affixed.

(4) The entrant may enclose all his attempts in one envelope, which must reach the address below not later than noon, Thursday, January 14th.

RADIO CONTEST No. 2, "John Bull," 2, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) Proof of posting is not proof of delivery, and no responsibility is undertaken for any entry form or letter lost, delayed, not delivered, or mutilated, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the £500 prize will be equally divided. No entrant can win more than one share of the prize.

(7) The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

(8) Entrants are required to accept as final the result of our careful searches and entries are accepted only on this condition.

(9) Employees of "John Bull" and associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

On an Entry Form or on a blank piece of paper about the size of a postcard, write your selection of the best eight Gramophone Records in the order of entertainment value: (use key numbers only—see list above). You may send in as many entries as you wish providing each entry is made on a separate piece of paper and a three-halfpenny stamp affixed to each entry. Give your full name and address on each entry you send in.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 2.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, JAN. 14th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 2.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, JAN. 14th.

CUT HERE

by H. KINGSLEY LONG

Men WHO DRESS LIKE Women

TENS of thousands of people throughout the country have been keenly interested in the strange case of Joseph Hull, the young Liverpool colliery hand who is now serving a sentence of eighteen months' hard labour after conviction on a charge of indecency.

Hull, who is only twenty-two years old, had masqueraded as a woman for more than six months. When he appeared in the dock at Liverpool Assizes he was wearing a black lace frock, an imitation leopard skin cloak, a fur necklet and a marcel-waved transformation. He looked more like a woman than a man.

"Medical curiosity"

Dr. Rankin, a Liverpool specialist, told the judge that Hull was a "medical curiosity"—a man with a feminine mind.

The specialist added that the youth was not a degenerate. He was definitely feminine in his nature and his mentality and could not help his outlook.

And Hull, behaving exactly like an emotional woman, burst into tears when he heard his sentence and had to be carried out of the dock down to the cells.

When this amazing case came before Mr. Justice Avory at the Court of Criminal Appeal no counsel appeared on either side and the appeal was dismissed within five minutes.

Mr. Justice Avory, as in duty bound, must have looked upon this case strictly in accordance with the law as it stands. But many eminent people, able to take a more general view, feel most strongly that Hull ought not to be treated as a criminal and that he and others like him ought rather to be handed over to the care of psychological experts.

The case has aroused such profound interest among thinking people that an impressive petition for its reconsideration will shortly be presented to the Home Secretary.

This petition has been organised and an appeal for funds has been launched by Mr. John Stevenson, Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents.

Already the petition carries the signatures of many eminent people, including such authorities as Mr. Henry Havelock Ellis, Dr. Norman Haire and Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

Mother who knew

It is impossible to ignore the weight of such expert opinion. Still more impressive in its human appeal is a poignant letter from Hull's mother.

"My boy is only twenty-two," she writes, "and a better lad never was born. He doesn't think now he has done anything wrong. I miss him in the home, for he could cook and clean like any woman, although he has had a pit life.

"He could take any old coat and make the children small ones out of it. He could sew and use the machine. I don't think you could mention anything in the home he could not do. When I had my last baby, he looked after my eight others, cooked for them and cleaned. He didn't care who saw him.

"*Everybody says what a pity he hadn't been a girl.* The little shoes he had on when arrested were only ladies' size three: it looks impossible for any man to wear them."

A pity truly, but something more than a pity. Surely this case is one of nature's incomprehensible tragedies—a tragedy which no law has yet been framed to meet.

Another quotation from Mrs. Hull's letter presents a fresh and astounding aspect of this case.

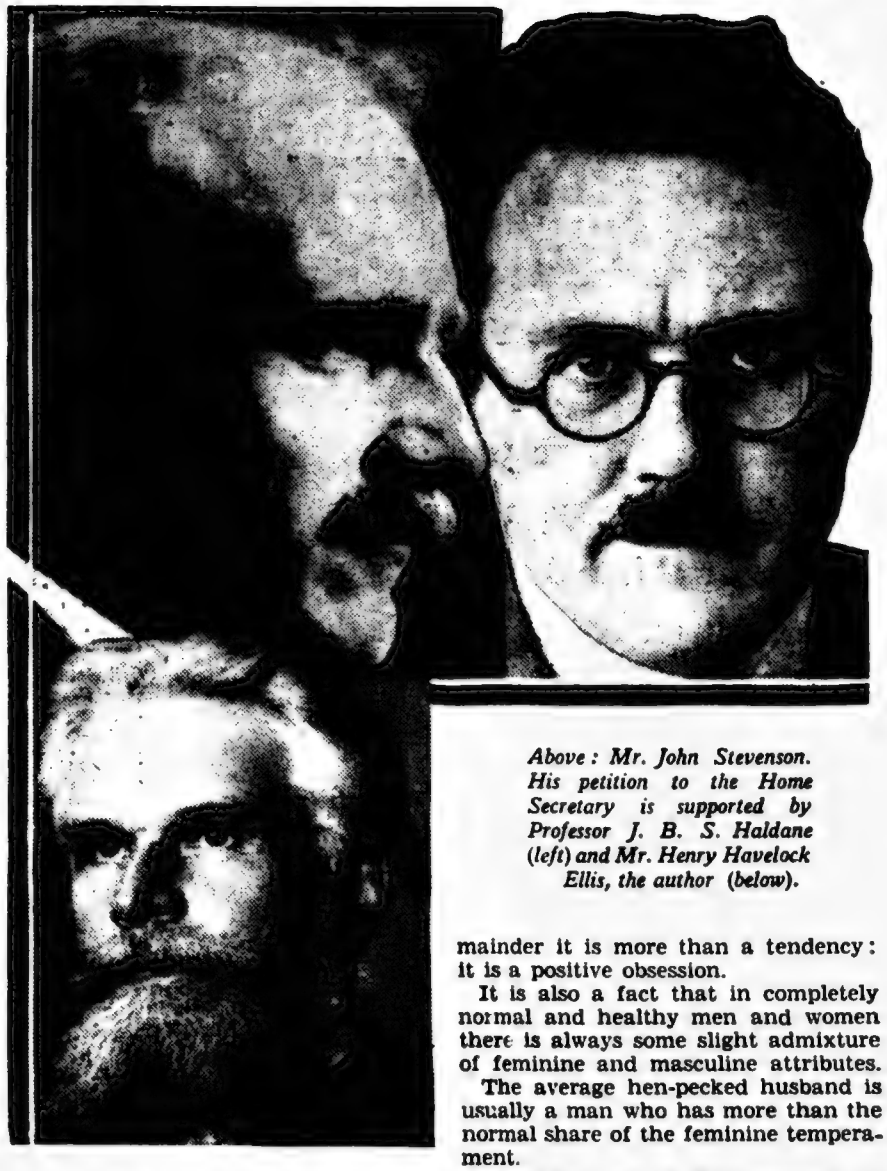
"My heart is broken about him," she writes, "as we could not help him in any way, for we are very poor people; but my lad has never had any peace with the police whatever way he was dressed.

"He was once taken to the Town Hall when coming out of church. He was only seventeen years old then.

"*He was made to strip because they thought he was a woman.* He can't help his looks, but I do really think it is a sin to send my lad through the prison gates."

The facts in this case must be squarely faced. Here is a young fellow who is so completely feminine in appearance, and evidently in mind and habit as well, that only a few years ago, when he was obeying the law and dressing as a man, he was taken into custody on suspicion of being a woman masquerading in man's attire.

And now he is in jail because, giving way to the extraordinary mental tendency within him, he has actually masqueraded as a woman over a long period!



Above: Mr. John Stevenson. His petition to the Home Secretary is supported by Professor J. B. S. Haldane (left) and Mr. Henry Havelock Ellis, the author (below).

Victims—not perverts

If he dresses as a man he is likely to be arrested. If he dresses as a woman he is likely to be arrested. What an astounding situation for a youth!

It is absurd to regard a case of this sort as mere perversion. It is a clear instance of a social problem which has always existed in our midst, though it is rarely raised as a matter for open discussion.

The Hull case has received and ought to receive unusual publicity. But it is not an isolated one. Psychologists and doctors are well aware that this queer inversion of personality, which causes men to dress as women or vice versa, is of very frequent occurrence.

It has been stated upon impressive authority that at least one out of fifty of the population has the tendency to assume the dress and manner and habits of the opposite sex. Fortunately, this tendency is suppressed in the majority of cases. In the remainder it is more than a tendency: it is a positive obsession.

It is also a fact that in completely normal and healthy men and women there is always some slight admixture of feminine and masculine attributes.

The average hen-pecked husband is usually a man who has more than the normal share of the feminine temperament.

Cases like that of Hull represent no more than an abnormal percentage of the foreign sex element.

Admitting that these aberrations are mental deformities, it should not be forgotten that not so very long ago hunchbacks and other unhappy sufferers from physical deformities were the objects of jeers and scorn. We are better informed and we have grown more humane since then.

Find a cure!

Every effort is now made to restore the physically deformed to the normal state. They are taken in hand as children and very many of them are entirely cured. Where cure is impossible, these unfortunates have the sympathy and pity of every right-thinking man and woman.

The time will surely come when society adopts a similar attitude in cases of mental deformity and abnormal development. It is obviously necessary to study each case on its own merits and to distinguish clearly between depravity and genuine psychological malformation. But it is equally clear that it is stupid and cruel to send a hunchbacked soul to jail.

Our laws are not intended to be merely punitive. Our justice seeks the reform of the criminal as well as the protection of society. How much more then should it seek the cure of the mentally unfit rather than their condemnation?

In regard to the particular case of Joseph Hull it is very significant that his father, whose mind was not entirely normal before his son's arrest, has completely lost his mental balance since the youth's imprisonment.

When all the circumstances are considered there seems every justification for the appeal to the Home Secretary which is now being organised.

The Hull case itself should focus the attention of the authorities upon the whole problem of mental deformity and may lead to humane and enlightened changes in our existing laws.

The Human Machine

All Right—So Far!

THESE, admittedly, are worrying times. All of us have problems to face, many of them apparently insuperable. Yet it is doubtful if we have more worries now than we ever had. For life and worry are inseparable. Life has always to be lived.

The only things that vary are the intensity of the worries it brings and our ability to face them.

Worries and anxieties can soon produce strain, if we refuse to face up to them. But it is not really worry that causes strain. It is the fear that worry brings in its wake.

Worry and anxiety are really nothing more than the pressure of problems for which we have no solution. They are the inevitable consequences of lack of thought and lack of plans. The simplest act in life can produce worry if its performance is left to chance. The way to ease the strain and anxiety of life is to plan life; to look ahead and try to make some provision for the unexpected which is always apt to be waiting round the corner.

Most worries are the result of a collapse of make-believe at the touch of reality. Self-deception is the commonest failing of mankind.

We expect too much and trust ourselves too little. If we reversed this, we should accomplish more and worry less. And in these days we might do worse than emulate some of the spirit of the doggerel that says:

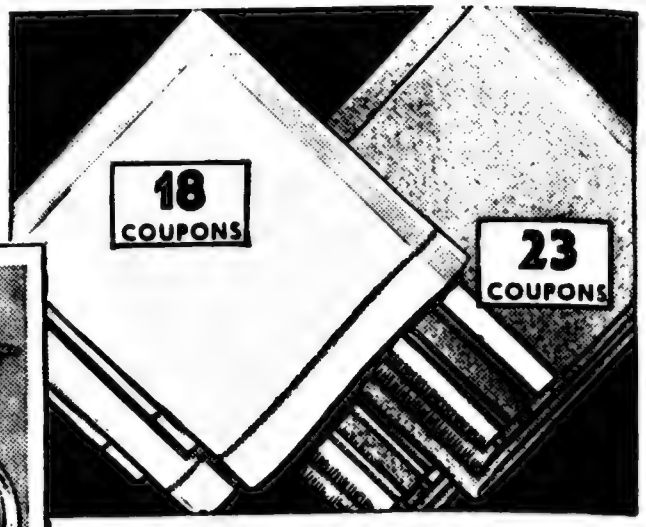
"An optimist fell ten storeys,
And at each window bar
He called out to his friends inside,
'All right—so far'!"

Aren't we all all right—so far?

Let's choose our Gifts

FROM FRY'S NEW GIFT BOOK

What a wonderful variety of gifts! So many and so fine that choice is no easy matter. Every one of them is British and above your expectations. Collect the coupons from Fry's delicious Breakfast Cocoa. There's a coupon in every ¼-lb. tin, and in the ½-lb. tin there are two.



Gift No. 114. HOT WATER JUG.
Until our limited stock is exhausted you can have one of these highly burnished Georgian-design hot water jugs for only 25 coupons. With its strong hinge and long-wearing aluminium, its handle and its non-dripping spout, it is a real marvel of coupon value. Hurry, hurry, before they're all gone.
25 coupons

Gift No. 56a
TWO PILLOW CASES.
Here are fine gifts for your linen cupboard! Two long wearing pillow cases of good quality white cotton, housewife style. They measure 20" x 30", and the two together are yours for only 18 coupons.
2 for 18 coupons

Gift No. 54
TWO WHITE TOWELS.
Now for a miracle of coupon value. Two white Turkish Towels—big ones, soft as soft could be, with really exceptional absorbent qualities. They are pure bleach, and the two together will be sent by return of post for 23 coupons. 21" x 40". **2 for 23 coupons**

Fry's

BREAKFAST **COCOA**

6d. PER ¼ LB.

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FRY'S GIFT DEPARTMENT (8), BRISTOL
Please send me the latest list of Fry's free gifts and one free coupon
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Name .....
(Please write all words in BLOCK LETTERS)
Address .....
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County .....
Post in unsealed envelope using ½d. stamp

WITHOUT A SHADOW *of* DOUBT

It is the Quality and the Quantity that make

Player's Please

10 for 6D 20 for 11½D

NCC95

Without FEAR OR FAVOUR

"In the vestibules of despair . . . waiting their turn for hour after weary hour"

CURE *the* OUT-PATIENT EVIL!

REALISING what a brave fight the hospitals are making against heavy odds, JOHN BULL would be the last to criticise their work except in the public interest, and therefore in the interest of the hospitals themselves.

Such a case for criticism exists to-day. We refer to the tragic scandal of the out-patient system generally in vogue in all the hospitals throughout the country.

The hospital authorities know, quite as well as we do, the cruelty of the ordeal to which out-patients are exposed, but they have not yet discovered how to improve conditions. We may be able to help them.

Every man, woman and child who has ever been an out-patient must, through personal experience, sympathise with the other victims of the present system.

Most of our readers however, have been mercifully spared this direct contact with sickness and suffering. Let them try to picture what is actually happening, and then say to themselves: "This may happen to my wife, or to my children, or to myself."

Chambers of dread

OUT-PATIENTS are drawn from all classes except the moneyed class. There are artisans and labourers, clerks and small tradesmen, unemployed folk and a sprinkling of the destitute. For the hospitals never refuse their help to those really in need of it.

Through the out-patient department all these people can obtain the services of the first specialists in medicine and surgery. There are some of these specialists on the honorary staff of every hospital, and they do devoted work without any fee whatever.

So far so good. Out-patients come to the hospital of their own accord or are sent there by their panel doctors because they need this expert advice, for which they cannot afford to pay the ordinary fees charged to private clients.

But unless they are utterly without means, they all pay something. Each one is interviewed by the hospital almoner at the first visit, and payment is assessed in proportion to the patient's income.

In the majority of cases such payment is limited to sixpence or a shilling a visit. We have no fault to find with this necessary and just arrangement. So long as our hospitals remain voluntary institutions, all who use them should contribute to their support. Nor can it be denied that the almoners do their work with tact and sympathy.

The fact remains that out-patients do pay something towards the cost of their treatment, and they are in the main decent, honest, hard-working and self-respecting folk.

But they are treated as no ordinary paying patient would ever be treated. Their ordeal begins long before they reach the consulting room. It begins in the out-patients' hall, or, even worse, in the queues outside the doors of hospitals with little or no waiting-room accommodation.

The out-patient must queue up first of all to be registered for his first visit. Then he must take his place either on the waiting benches or in some other queue until ultimately his turn arrives for examination by the surgeon or physician.

Many desperately anxious men and women look upon these out-patient halls as the vestibules of despair.

Women and men, waiting their turn for hour after weary hour, have suddenly lost heart and have left the hospital for ever, going out into the street again grimly resolved to bear their pains of body rather than again endure the mental anguish of these interminable delays.

In fairness to the hospitals it must at once be admitted that no patient need leave the hospital unattended. The session may have to be prolonged and the patient may have to wait to the very end, but ultimately he or she will be shown into the consulting-room.

The tragedy and the scandal of the present situation lies in the humiliation and misery of the needless waiting. There is, too, an undeniable risk of infection from other patients suffering from different maladies.

Moreover, every modern doctor recognises the great importance of the psychological factor in the treatment of disease. In other words the patients' nerves must be studied. It is definitely bad for them to become agitated or distressed.

Agony of waiting

IMAGINE the frame of mind of a working-class mother, who has left her children to play alone while she takes her place in the out-patients' queue from eight thirty until perhaps one o'clock. Her heart is sick within her at the thought of what will happen to her husband and her kiddies if she does not get well soon.

Perhaps she has some pain at the chest not yet diagnosed. On the benches beside her are men and women and even children suffering from various complaints. Scraps of ghastly conversation reach her ears.

"Ay, took bad she were only three months ago. They couldn't do nothing for her. Operated three times, they did, and she suffered something cruel until she died last Tuesday. . . ."

"Yes, I've been coming here twice a week every Tuesday and Friday for two months. Just started with a cough and a bit of a pain, but I've been getting worse and I reckon I shan't get over it now. . . ."

That sort of thing; symptoms discussed and horrid fears hinted at with the morbid relish of sick minds. And all the time the inexorable slow ticking of the clock and harrowing anxiety lest the baby should have fallen out of its cot or the little boy should have turned on a gas tap.

More than once in these out-patient halls women and children have been known to collapse not from weariness or disease, but from sheer nervous agony and apprehension. Even when, as a paying patient, one consults a specialist by appointment, the few minutes' suspense in his consulting-room represent an ordeal not easily forgotten.

How infinitely worse must be the state of mind of the out-patient, sitting among fellow-sufferers and shuffling one place up the bench at long intervals when a door opens and some white-coated attendant says "next please."

What can be done to end this terrible state of things? In certain hospitals, where there is available space, canteens have been installed in the out-patients' halls, and here at cost price those who are awaiting treatment can obtain the solace of hot tea or coffee and light refreshments.

That is a splendid move in the right direction, but it scarcely touches the general problem while the majority of hospitals are so overcrowded and so financially embarrassed.

There is one thing which the general public can do to help. None of us should ever add to the hospitals' burden if we can at all afford to pay for treatment.

Our suggestion

BUT what is most urgently needed is a new system to be arranged between the hospitals and their honorary staffs. It may not be practicable for these hospital specialists to give precise appointments as they would do in their Harley Street consulting-rooms.

But it would certainly be possible to receive patients within specified limits of say half an hour. Each patient's card could surely be marked for attention at such and such a time on the occasion of the next visit. And an hour might be allocated for the reception and examination of new patients whose cases have not yet been diagnosed.

If this were done the tragedy of the out-patients would at least be greatly alleviated.

To end it completely is not yet possible, and never will be until State funds or public generosity enable the hospitals themselves to increase their accommodation and to cater in every way for the welfare and comfort of their patients upon a scale which is now financially impossible.

The Prince of Wales, always to the fore in every work of public and philanthropic importance, is leading the way now towards remedying the present intolerable situation.

He has appointed what is to be called the "Out-Patient Committee, 1932," to study the whole question of the treatment of out-patients in the London voluntary hospitals, and it may be reasonably inferred that the recommendations of this committee will ultimately be adopted by all the hospitals throughout the country.

The need for reform is great, and we appeal to the hospitals and the specialists, and to all men and women of human understanding, to further the work already begun by every means in their power.

IF I WERE BEER DICTATO

In Britain the children stand outside . . .

. . . But young Jean may raise an elbow at his parents' side

THE EDITOR has asked me to tell the readers of JOHN BULL what I would do if I were beer dictator.

Well, this is a tough question to answer, and if there were the least likelihood of such an appointment coming my way, I should hesitate a long time before fully committing myself.

I have discussed and quarrelled with friends about the gold standard, inflation and deflation of currency, and have passed through many a wrangle about Socialism, and have never lost the friendship of anybody, though tempers often got a bit ragged and frayed.

On the other hand, discussions about religion, temperance and beer generally end by leaving me minus several friends.

Especially has this been the case when dealing with restaurants and cafés in parks and other places of public recreation and amusement.

Having been brought up to be a rigid abstainer, and having learned from experience the horrors of habitual drunkenness, I am now convinced, not that I personally should give up total abstinence, that drinking a glass of beer or wine is no more a crime than is drinking a cup of tea.

For saying this, and for similar statements, I have been denounced as a renegade and deserter from the path of temperance.

So, you who read on please remember I am not writing on behalf of the Labour Party or on behalf of any temperance society, but in response to the Editor's request I am writing my own considered view as to what should be done in the way of organising and controlling the drink trade.

First of all, I should insist on the national and local control of production and sale of intoxicating drinks of all kinds.

I should buy out brewers, distillers and retailers at a valuation which would neither beggar them nor make them millionaires.

I think the provision of this, as of other essential services, should be organised as a co-operative service, and no profit made either by private persons, municipalities or governments.

I do not, however, expect that at present I could carry through so great a revolutionary measure, so being a practical, reasonable person, I should fall back on control, and insist that if the trade continued to be run on money-making lines, profits should be severely limited in order that no encouragement should be given to induce drunkenness for money-making.

This could be managed, I think, if we secured national control.

Real good stuff

I should also insist that no drink should be sold which was not produced under the most hygienic conditions, and every drink sold should be what it purported to be when described for sale, and also free from all injurious substances, chemical or otherwise.

Having settled production and provided the necessary machinery for ensuring purity in beer, wine and spirits, I would turn my attention to the retail side of the question.

As I could not nationalise the business it would be worth considering whether we were wise enough to make a new start on private enterprise lines.

If we had never licensed those who sell drink and never imposed revenue taxes on all that is sold, I should be inclined to settle the problem of retail sale by establishing free trade—that is, I am inclined to say that we should allow strong drink to be sold by anybody.

My opinion is hardening on this, as it is on other moral or semi-moral questions.

I think "Thou shalt be sober" is a better law of life than the negative doctrine, "Thou shall *not* get drunk."

There is a great deal of difference between the emphasis of affirmation and that of negation.

Barbaric "pubs"

However, there is not much chance at present even of a dictator being allowed to smash the British Budget and wipe out the monopoly and special privileges attached to the production and sale of strong drink.

Taking things as they are, my first order would be for the complete and total abolition of present-day beer-shops and public-houses.

These are a relic of barbarism. How they ever came into being is past my comprehension.

I can understand men and women sitting round a fire in a village "pub," telling stories, more or less clean and true, or untrue, but to put up big barricades and call them bars, and to invite people to stand for hours on end talking and drinking under conditions which the legislature has rightly said no young child shall witness, seems to me sheer social lunacy.

Very few persons—I know there are some—ever go into a beer-house or "pub." merely to get drunk. It is the long, boring weariness of apartment houses and the fact that once in a "pub." there is really nothing else to do but to have one and then another, and another, which causes drunkenness.

I consider the complete transformation of the interior of these places the most important element in reform.

The bar is an absurd, antiquated relic of days when secrecy as to how drink came to you was considered a necessary part of a "pub."

Then the sort of shop front which surrounds these places adds another kind of secrecy; you cannot see inside, and it is considered improper that ordinary people should see you supping the flowing bowl.

The trade has inflicted upon itself and its customers the stigma that it is wrong to be seen drinking beer.

Because this is so, I should order the fronts of all these places to be taken down and leave the whole establishment open for the public to see. And if, as I should order, all the counters and bars were removed, there would be left plenty of space for tables and chairs.

In these restaurants—for they would no longer be designated beer-houses or public houses—refreshments of every kind would be served, both food, and, of course, drink of every variety, so that no abstainer would feel awkward when sitting at a table drinking mineral water, tea or coffee.

In Paris, a week ago, I took food in restaurants surrounded by people drinking wine, while I drank water.

Women left out

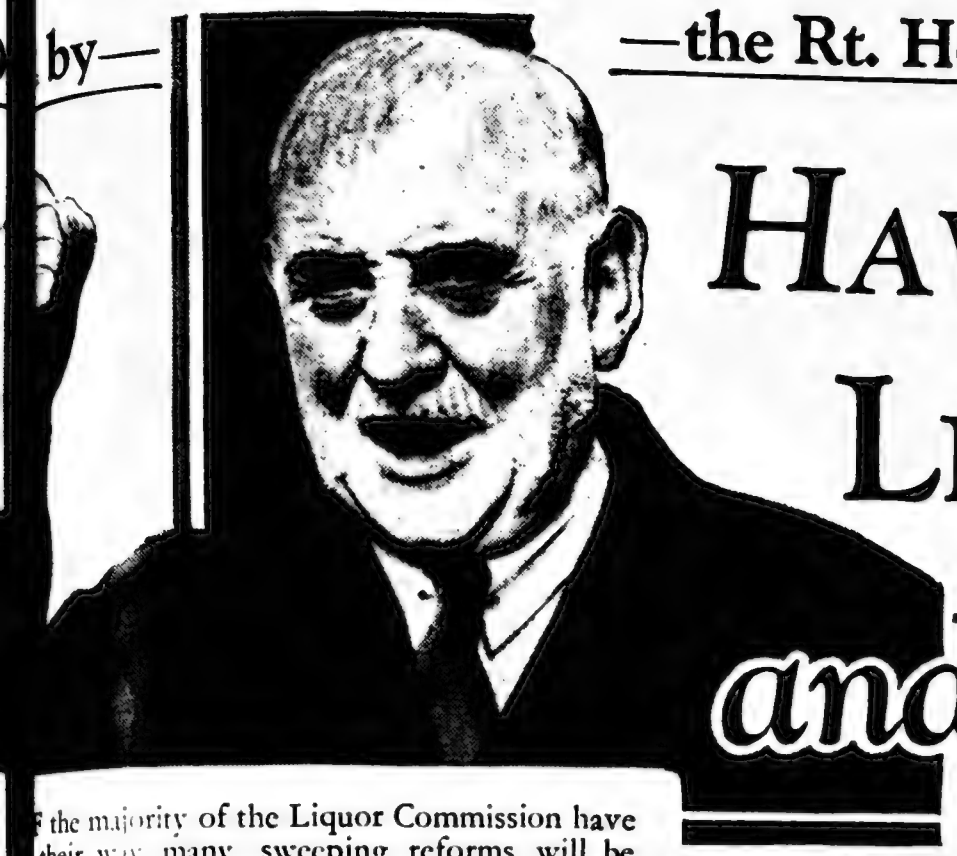
I think most publicans in Britain under such conditions would rather have my room than my company, because, relatively speaking, it is only a few who care to sell food as well as drink.

But for the ordinary parish or district I want something better than a place for eating and drinking, or even a club as now managed.

I am treading on dangerous ground when speaking of clubs, but, here again, is anyone satisfied that clubs should be mainly for men, and open only on special occasions for women?

Until we have ever so much better housing accommodation, we must have central meeting places, and at present these are provided

by—



—the Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

HAVE YOUR LITTLE DRINK— *and enjoy it!*

If the majority of the Liquor Commission have their way many sweeping reforms will be made in our public-houses, hotels and clubs.

The recommendations will, of course, be discussed by Parliament, and they may or may not be passed into law. This, however, is what the Commissioners urge:—

Five Drink Dictators for the whole of Britain.
Close hundreds of hotels and public-houses.
Standardise opening and closing hours.
Closer inspection of working-men's clubs.
More comfortable "pubs," with meals served.

Here is a view of the future of our public-houses and clubs which has a strong and piquant interest.

The writer, the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, is a lifelong teetotaler but by no means a bigot. He tells what he would do were he Beer Dictator of Britain.

by clubs and public houses mainly for men.

The rich and middle-class can hold friendly parties in their own houses or in hotels. The masses cannot afford this.

I should, therefore, insist that for every unit of so many families in a given area there should be one large restaurant with rooms at the front, right on to the street, and with rooms at the back for an orchestra, a wireless set, and a small stage. I have seen fine musical and dramatic performances in such surroundings on the Continent.

In connection with these establishments I would also have rooms of various sizes for wedding, birthday and other parties, where for a small sum families or parties of friends might meet for an evening's enjoyment, or where lectures and educational classes could be held.

The ordinary people need such places, and need them free of the restrictions of churches, and provided, not by charity, but by themselves.

I cannot get away from this outstanding fact in East London life—that is, that so few men ever think of taking their wives or sweethearts into a public-house and that by law young children may not enter.

Now, if these strong drinks are really poisonous, and cannot be taken with safety to mind and body, then the duty of the State is clear. We ought to pass a law stopping both production and sale.

But neither scientists nor State agree that the evil is so great: indeed the State rakes in an enormous revenue from the sale of drink in places deemed unfit for women and children to enter.

This is the thing I want to destroy by instituting in its place a reconstructed public meeting place.

It is all very well for us who have nice, decent homes to say "Let the poor stay at home."

It is sheer cant for people like me to say this, because I could not stay in the confined, fetid atmosphere of many a working-class home, and should, if asked to do so, go out and regularly get drunk. We are all human, and a human being needs light, air and peace at times, and companionship, recreation and education at other times.

Consequently, I would go all out for this most urgent reform.

My temperance friends will say that this will lead to more drinking because the conditions will be better. I do not believe this.

Cleansing publicity

The more open to the public gaze these places become, the more sober and wholesome will be the drinking and entertainment. It is the secrecy, the hiding away and the sneaking in and out which has to be abolished. Publicity is the greatest enemy of all vice.

Then with regard to hours of sale. I am at present doubtful on this point, except that if we are to have closing hours these should be uniform throughout the land. I am inclined to fix them at 10 o'clock: but even on this question my mind changes when I go abroad. There is so much to be thought of and so many different tastes to be considered. In many ways I think it would be good to try out one or two isolated towns without any restrictions as to hours, either for refreshment or entertainment.

The mass of us would, as now, go home early, or at least early enough to keep ourselves in health and strength.

My plea—

Of course, the same rules, if we made them, must apply all round to rich and to poor. We ought not to perpetuate the present differentiation between one club and another, or one public place and another.

There is left the vast question of our parks. In spite of all criticism I am unrepentant about great concert and dance halls, with restaurants fully licensed attached, in all big public parks. I would gladly have put such buildings in Hyde Park and Regent's Park.

Fine winter gardens and palaces for music and mirth of every description should be provided for the myriads of workers who live in lodgings away from home and friends, and for all others who need them.

Some day a successor of mine at the Office of Works will do this thing.

Meantime, I plead for pure beer, unadulterated drink of all kinds, a really reformed public-house, controlled in the interests of the community, providing not drinking facilities alone but facilities for wholesome, clean recreation and the provision of such food and drink as is desired.

I bespeak mercy from my temperance friends, and urge them to be temperate in thought and speech when considering these proposals.

A toast to Mr. Lansbury for his efforts to institute beer-drinking facilities in London parks

5

WONDERFUL NEW RECORDS

"Cavalcade" Descriptive Record ("*32 years of England*") *Narrator – Henry Oscar, Full Chorus, Orchestra and Organ* C2330 4/-

This is a mighty record — thrilling in its realism, moving in its sincerity, English to the very core. Fanfares, oratory, brave songs and homely tunes. It is a record for everyone in the land.

Quintet from "Die Meistersinger." *Schumann, Melchior, Schorr, Parr and Williams, with London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli* D2002 6/-

To assemble five great operatic stars, with such an orchestra and conductor, was a costly matter. Nearly a thousand pounds went to the production of this record, which gives you one of the most lovely things in all music.

Negro Spiritual Medley. *Paul Robeson with Jack Hylton and his Orchestra and Male Chorus* C2287 4/-

Paul Robeson has made one of the most remarkable records in his career, giving eleven negro spirituals – some sung by him as solos, others as chorus, and others again played by the orchestra.

"Eleven More Months and Ten More Days." *Ambrose and his Orchestra. Vocal refrain (Fields and Hall)* B6119 2/6

This comedy number has swept all America and is now sweeping Europe. It covers both sides of a ten-inch record and Ambrose shows once again what a master of versatility, as well as interpretation, he is.

Clarice Mayne—*Medley* C2331 4/-

Here we have Clarice Mayne of "That" fame, singing nine of her most popular songs. Though they are no longer new, she still sings them with that freshness and winning charm that have made her such a favourite with every lover of the music hall artist's rich talent.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

RECORDS AT THE REDUCED PRICES

The Gramophone Co. Ltd., London, W.1.

AFTER DINNER

WHEN I got the invitation to attend my old squadron's annual reunion, I didn't know what to do. Things were down pretty low — partly my own fault, I daresay; but mostly Jewell's.

I'd never been a business man, though I had a few decorations to prove I'd passed muster as a soldier during the War; and I was a likely victim for those sharks who profit by fools' inexperience.

Anyhow, when the invitation reached me, I was broke to the wide, with the exception of two pounds, with little prospect of any more coming along for donkeys' years, if ever. All on account of Norman Jewell, who had called himself my friend, and who'd rooked me. I'd helped him because his brother was my comrade in the Show; he'd pulled me off the wire at Gouzeaucourt and got himself killed in doing it.

BUT Norman Jewell wasn't the same stamp as Fred. I'd tried my damnedest to trace Norman after he cleared out and left me broke to the wide, but without success, and I'd been sold up, lock, stock and barrel, to meet his defalcations, since not only had I advanced him cash, but also I'd gone security for him and he'd let me down.

As a result, I was pigging it in a lonely country cottage, fending for myself and living sparsely; and when I wakened the morning the post brought that invitation I felt so old and tired and useless that I decided to end it for good and all.

Yet I didn't like to quit. I'd got a D.S.O. for hanging on when most people were hurrying to the rear, and a bar for doing the same thing another time; indeed, to cut loose and kill myself seemed cowardly, since I owed money and still had a hope of repaying it.

When I opened that letter—from Greene, who'd been my sergeant-major —I felt as if I'd had a tonic. Greene was a stout fellow as well as a martinet.

"The boys, sir," he wrote, "wouldn't call it a regular do without the dear old Major. We'll be honoured to give you a royal welcome, sir."

The formal invitation was there—the reunion was for a week later. I had two pounds. My evening clothes were pawned at Wokingstone, but only for five shillings, since they were shabby. Fares to town and back meant thirty shillings, price of dinner four and six. If I bought a return ticket it would cost twenty-seven and six, but I simply couldn't appear among my old comrades with nothing in my pocket.

I decided to buy a single ticket and hold on to a few shillings to rattle during the feast, as a sign of prosperity. I had to live for a week, not that that would cost much, since there were potatoes in the garden that I'd grown myself—about the only thing I was capable of doing just then. Edgar, the neighbouring gamekeeper, would possibly spare me a rabbit.

I DID want to see those honest, cheery faces again, to feel that I was, or had been, necessary to people once on a time. I knew the men liked me. But the dinner had been cancelled the previous year or the invitation had missed me. A bit of company, a slap on the shoulder, even a word of praise, these mean a lot to a down-and-out.

So I sat down and on the one decent bit of paper I could find, suitable for an ex-Major, I accepted.

Then I wrote a final appeal to Jewell, wherever he might be, asking him for God's sake to play the game, but I posted it without any hope.

Mrs. Edgar washed and ironed my dress-shirt for nothing. She was kind, and grateful for my taking care of her baby when she and her husband wanted to go to the town to see the pictures. I liked the kiddie—we were good pals; I used to cut him fancy patterns out of old newspapers and kept him chuckling for hours.

The big car turned and the headlights glared . . .

Well, I walked to Wokingstone to lift my evening-suit —it was only ten miles, and as I took it slowly my wound didn't trouble much.

As the pledge-money and interest had to be paid, I couldn't afford to eat at Wokingstone; but I had found that a man can go a long time without food if he tries. I felt tired, though, when I got back. No letters, no news, just loneliness. The fire was out, but I lit it and made some tea—very weak. I'm not craving pity, but I was tired.

NEXT day I ironed out my old dress-suit, since the men like to see their old officers honour them to the extent of togging up; and I'd try never to let them down. Darning helped the shabbiness, and ink on the grey patches made them unnoticeable.

I looked forward so much to meeting the crowd again that the rest of the time didn't seem long, and Edgar gave me two rabbits. My letter to Jewell came back—"Not known." That was a blow.

I walked to a lot of places to try to get work: tree-felling, parcel-carrying, anything; but I failed. A half-crippled man of fifty, untrained to earn his living, wasn't needed.

I'd commuted my pension to help Jewell, of course, among other things. I felt very bitter towards him, as I realised what he'd brought me to, having made no attempt to repay a halfpenny, just bolting when things were worst.

But I managed to stick it out until the day of the reunion, with a struggle, and the men would put up a good dinner.

I walked to Wokingstone station, feeling so light-hearted that the ten miles seemed nothing. Several cars passed me, but none offered a lift; probably the drivers fancied I was out for exercise. I bought my single ticket, and—it was good to sit down. I dressed in the train—a slow journey.

From the London terminus I walked almost to the hotel where the feast was to be, but spent a shilling on a taxi to wind up, as the men wouldn't like to see their old Major tramping in.

And when I arrived it was worth it! The welcome I got! It made me feel thick of throat, my eyes smarted, hardened campaigner as I was. My shoulders straightened, and I found myself laughing—laughing!

The boys were wonderful, reminding me of the things we'd been through together. I discovered that they—tough citizens as some were—really loved me, just as I delighted in them.

Higgins—the man I'd carried in from a shell-hole—couldn't make enough of me, he showed me his wife's portrait and his children's, and insisted on buying me a gin and bitters, although he really didn't seem able to afford it.

Others came up to shake hands and squeeze my arm—the sound one. My knees grew wobbly, but you should have heard the cheer those seventy-seven good fellows gave when I took my seat at the head of the table, with Sergeant-Major Greene at my right and Corporal Smythe at my left!

It was fine—oh, fine! Fourteen years seemed to float away. Everyone was shouting: "Do you remember, sir?" —and: "There was that time, Major ——!"

LATECOMERS stood to attention at the door until I beckoned them in; then they were glad to come in. Some, quite a few, had tears in their eyes—emotional asses! The good chaps insisted I should have a bottle of wine with them, too; their beer wasn't good enough for the old Major! They didn't know that liquor and I had been strangers for over two years—since Jewell diddled me cold.

We talked and talked. We sang the old songs and sang them again, by Jove! —"Tipperary" and the "Long, Long Trail"; "Pack up Your Troubles" and "Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

Each one reminded us of something: when we held the trench at Pozières, say—we lost half the squadron that day, and Greene brought me in after a shell had lamed me for life.

Fortunately I was not crippled so as to prevent me collecting Higgins when

Next Week:

THE PICTURE in the eyes

The true story of a daring experiment

by MAURICE REYNARD

LISTEN TO THE "JOHN BULL" RADIO CONCERT

Full details on Page 14

Famous Author's REAL LIFE STORY

Walk Awhile!

by JOHN GREVILLE

he got his packet. They cheered me again when Higgins lifted his glass to say: "The Major, Comrades, God bless him! One of the best; *the* very best. Finest hero of the war, bar none!"

They sang "Jolly Good Fellow" with a lot of cheers, too. And Tyson reminded them of the time when we went forward at Thiepval, and they backed me up so splendidly when I crawled near enough to bomb out the pillbox. That was where my arm went, of course. So they sang "Jolly Good Fellow" again and then again.

The food was good, but my thick throat wouldn't let me do it justice. Decent fellows! Grimes, our black sheep, had repented and become prosperous and honoured, a town councillor, with a fine business.

He said some nonsense about owing it to me. I'd only disciplined him for the good of the squadron—and because I thought most men were decent at bottom. He won a D.C.M., I remembered.

Actually, having gone on short commons for so long, I could have eaten that dinner and then two more. But Greene filled his glass and called: "All charged?" Then Greene got up.

"Comrades," he gasped, real sergeant-major voice, "to-night we have with us our dear old commanding officer. We know what he means to us, though maybe we can't say it. An officer and a gentleman—was and is, our Major. Not one of us but owes him something: our lives or our happiness or our honour. We know he fought for us as well as with us. We were the best-looked-after unit in France, bar none."

He made far too much of what I'd been able to do for their comfort. But the men got hoarse with cheering.

Then he mentioned, name by name, such as thought they'd been helped by me. Higson, who'd have been shot as a deserter, only I found him in a dugout and gave him a slug of rum and walked forward with him till it worked—he won a V.C. Others, too—I'd forgotten details; but it made me feel proud. Those honest faces—some were wet with tears—I felt happier than ever I'd felt. Decent lads!

DREAMS, tortured dreams, troubled me. I lived the Flanders hell over again. The room filled to overflowing with ghosts of dear comrades, who'd stayed when we came back. I was the only officer there: others had sent regrets or ignored the call.

This was just the surviving skeleton of the old squadron; men had died with me by scores. We'd made ourselves felt on the Western Front before we died, though!

From Mons to Mons again, four and a half years, with only short pauses to recover from wounds—it had been a good time, a great adventure. Thank God, I'd stuck with it, instead of taking offered staff jobs! Everything my men got I shared—evil or good. Taking last messages, scrounging favours, leading forward, following back—and they loved me.

When Greene ended, and did it abruptly with a gulp, the ceiling threatened to come down as they climbed on their chairs and sang the old Squadron Song.

I TRIED to reply—couldn't; I sat down. There wasn't a murmur or a shuffle when I tried again and managed to tell them I was proud to lead them in war and remain their comrade in peace.

They understood what I couldn't say, bless 'em. What a time we had! I kept thinking of my train; I fingered the remaining pound note in my pocket—all I had. I'd sold a trifle or two—cuff-links and so on, and had just that pound left for my fare. Then Smythe, the secretary, called for attention to say, jerkily:

"Since our last gathering one of us has fell on evil days." I choked, thinking they'd seen through my deception. I was wrong.

"Comrade Grace, out o' work this eighteen months, sick wife, no dole—nothink," Smythe rattled off. "I'd ask comrades to show a comradely spirit to best o' their ability by ante-in' up when the hat comes round."

He described the plight Grace was in. A good man, Grace; he'd bombed a dugout clear off his own bat, to save a rear attack that might have finished the lot of us. The hat was passed to me first—as was natural. Every eye turned towards me; I knew what they expected. I dropped in that pound note, amid their cheers. Come to think of it, it really wasn't much to do.

"Foller the dear old Major's good example!" said Smythe, and they did, handsomely. Fine—seventeen pounds fifteen they raised.

It wasn't easy to tear myself away, but eventually they let me go; Greene wanting to get me a taxi, but I said I needed a walk to simmer down.

They lined the pavement and cheered and cheered. It wasn't until I got away from the last of them that I remembered the walk ahead—a hundred miles and more—nearly a hundred and fifty. Still, it didn't seem very far—I wasn't beat yet. The evening had elated me, you see. Those cheers, I mean, and things.

It was only after five miles of pavements that my leg began to trouble me, not anything really. I plugged on, humming the old songs, especially the Squadron Song, which I daren't write down. It was raining a bit when I reached the country, the wind was cold, though I'd seen much worse in Flanders.

But once the flush of the evening died the road seemed to stretch out a lot. Still, I did seem to mean a lot to those old comrades, and it heartened me to think how I'd helped them, though, being human, I wished I'd not helped Grace quite so liberally. Ten shillings would have done, and I could have bought a ticket part-way home. I hadn't a bean left, honestly, and my old Burberry leaked everywhere.

I got very low as I trudged on, that wound gingering up. Then I laughed at myself, in evening dress, having to beg a bite for days before I reached that woodman's cottage. And yet I couldn't see the justice of it. I'd tried to deal squarely always, I hadn't come a moral cropper.

BUT for Jewell I'd have had enough to keep my head up, out of debt. Yes, even the memory of my old squadron didn't soothe my bitterness against Jewell.

Cars swooped by, slashing me with mud, their headlights blinding me—only a trudging tramp. I yelled at some, hating them. One almost ran me down; I jumped for the ditch and strained my leg.

After that, though I tried, I felt I couldn't stick it. Just couldn't. I crocked up and sat down and cried—unable to help myself. I wanted to finish everything—to heave myself under a lorry seemed the best way. Only no heavy lorries came along for quite a while, only light fast cars. I got up and trudged on—still no lorries.

Just as day began to break a big car screamed by, splashing me all over. Then I heard its brakes screech. I wasn't interested, I flopped down—done.

But the big car turned, and the headlights glared on me. Someone was going to curse me out for giving 'em a scare, I thought.

"I say, sir—I beg your pardon, but—why, God! it's you, Major!" said Jewell's voice. "I've been looking everywhere for you, sir—no one knew where you'd gone. Hold up, sir — oh, thank God! Why, Major, I've made good; I want to square up with you—never can properly; but I'll try—oh, I'll try!"

Jewell, right enough. He'd made good handsomely. I'd misjudged the boy. *But if I hadn't given my last pound note to Grace's fund, Jewell would never have found me, because I shouldn't have tried to walk home.*

. . . I wasn't interested. I flopped down—done

"COUGH RELIEVED after 3 DOSES"

—F.H. (Norfolk)

The Success of Famel Syrup is sweeping the country from end to end! Ask anyone who has tried it. A few doses will positively drive out the stubbornest case of cough or bronchial trouble — because it gets right at the root of your complaint. Prior to Famel Syrup, the powerful curative agent it contains could only be inhaled — *now it is absorbed into the blood stream.* Your Chemist sells it (3/- a bottle).

These extracts are typical of hundreds of letters we receive:

"I am pleased to say Famel Syrup has already relieved my husband's cough and he has taken only 3 doses up to the present. It is the only mixture that has done him good."—F. H. (Norfolk).

Acted like a charm with my bronchitis.

"Famel Syrup acted like a charm with my bronchitis and left me much better."—C. T. (Crewe).

"On Friday my father developed a severe cold on the chest with every sign of bronchitis ensuing, but I have used Famel Syrup and he has slept quite soundly and the cold has practically gone."—D. C. (Dorset).

Eased my cough almost at once.

"I have been troubled with a terrible cough for years but at last I have found your Famel Syrup which has eased my cough almost at once. You may use this letter for the benefit of other people who suffer from coughs."—J. H. (nr. Coventry).

"My cough was the result of Bronchitis 'Flu of some years' standing now. I have tried innumerable remedies but have never experienced the relief I had after a dose of Famel Syrup. I will be pleased to recommend it to any in need of a genuine remedy."—H. L. P. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

Cured my cough in no time.

"I am writing to say what a marvellous cough cure Famel Syrup is and I wouldn't be without it for anything. This wonderful discovery cured my cough in no time. I have highly recommended it to lots of my friends."—E. S. (Fulham).

"Famel Syrup has worked wonders for me. I can honestly say it did my cough more good the first dose than anything else I have tried. It has cured me, and I cannot praise it too much."—M. W. (Leeds).

"I gave Famel Syrup to a patient (who had coughed incessantly for three months) and in three days' time her cough had nearly gone; and by the end of the week no cough remained."—A. E. R. (Coventry).

For FREE Sample worth 1/3 *Post coupon below (with 4d. in stamps for postage) for very generous FREE sample. Only one bottle to each family.*

FAMEL SYRUP

To Wilcox, Jezeau & Co. Ltd. (Dept. E.4), 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.

Post this Coupon TO-DAY!

I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

Name .....
BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.

Address .....

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The Weak Spot!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

A MAN'S or woman's weak spot is often the kidneys, the organs which are so quickly affected by strain and worry, or by colds and chills.

The surest way to strengthen weak kidneys is to take Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney tonic has a unique record of success in overcoming rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, urinary irregularities and bladder disorders.

"Seldom free from Lumbago and Sciatica."

On 23rd October, 1918, Mrs. M. J. Holmes, 87, Whiteway Road, Bristol, said:—"For fully twenty years I was seldom free from lumbago and sciatica. Sharp, shooting pains across the small of my back made my work go hard with me. Intense needle-like pains struck down my legs from the hips to the ankles. Some days I was almost helpless.

"But a great change occurred when I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Quickly they brought relief, easing the pains. For the first time for many years I felt completely well."

On 15th August, 1931, Mrs. Holmes said:—"I thank Doans Pills with good reason. They completely rid me of lumbago and sciatica. (*Signed*) M. J. Holmes."

Sold by all Dealers 3/- also at 1/3,5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

"I'D LOVE TO—BUT I DAREN'T!"

"Now isn't that too bad! One of your favourite dishes, and yet you daren't touch it. Indigestion? But surely you don't go on putting up with that. Tried 'this, that and the other,' have you, and all no good? Well now, just listen to me. Guy's Tonic will put you right in no time. It cured me, after ten years' misery, and it cured my sister and her husband." . . . And she's right. Guy's Tonic is the popular old-established remedy that never fails, that has cured thousands of digestive sufferers in all parts of the world, and has kept its popularity for 50 years. Guy's Tonic will cure you—and there's no "perhaps" about it. Get a bottle from your Chemist—To-day. It costs only 1/3, or for the extra-large size, 3/-. You can trust Guy's Tonic.

by S. P. VIANT

Assistant Postmaster-General in the late Government, a Minister of the Crown with a salary of £1,200, who has now returned to his joiner's bench—"at the very foot of the ladder once more," as he says

LIFE'S Jest with Me

"While I am a joiner I shall be as good a joiner as I know how"—Mr. Viant takes a rest after the day's work.

THERE can be no greater tragedy for a man in any sphere of life than to be without some work or occupation. That is why I have gone back to my old job as a joiner.

It is a great change after being Assistant Postmaster-General, but I can honestly say that I am not altogether sorry to be at my bench again.

For one thing, change is stimulating and helps to make up the romance of life. I am one of those who firmly believe that adventure lurks round every corner if you choose to seek it.

Some misleading photographs of myself have lately appeared in the Press; they were taken in 1924, when I was building a Labour Hall at Willesden, which was then my Parliamentary constituency. My real craft, as I say, is that of a joiner.

How do I like taking up old threads again? Well, some people may be surprised to hear that I found on handling my own tools that I had lost none of my former skill. Within a very short space of time I became quite capable of holding my own with others, both in quality of work and volume of output.

This is probably due in no small measure to my practice of keeping fit. I am an old Rugby player, and have always been a keen walker, for I do not believe that a man should let his muscles grow rusty any more than his mind.

I shall return

All the same, I am looking upon the present period of manual labour as a short break in my political career; for I am going back—make no mistake about that!

Every day I receive evidence that strengthens this conviction; there are many people in my old constituency who admit candidly that they are greatly disappointed in the way things have turned out so far.

But while I am a joiner I shall be as good a joiner as I know how. In my philosophy of life all work well done is laudable, and the occupation of a joiner can be just as dignified as that of a Cabinet Minister.

There are marked contrasts between my present job and my Post Office one, it is true. I leave home for work every morning at 7 o'clock now; but there is the decided advantage that if I do commence earlier I certainly leave off earlier. There are no House of Commons all-night sittings!

When I was Assistant Postmaster-General I always left home for the Post Office at 10 o'clock, and work that could not be finished there would be sent on to my room at the House of Commons, where, as you know, there were debates and so on to listen to afterwards.

Everything depends upon the spirit in which we enter into things. To me, it seems that my return to the bench will furnish me with further experience which may well prove useful when I resume my political career.

My saddest moments

Then there is another viewpoint. While my occupation at the moment is concerned with the construction of material things, my administrative work at the Post Office called for the construction of ideas, and the link between work of the hands and work of the brain is far greater than some people would have us believe.

So as I now toil at my bench I am proud to reflect that I had the honour of infusing quite a number of really democratic ideas into the great machine of the Post Office.

My saddest moments followed the great break after the General Election, when it was galling to find myself with nothing of first-class importance to do. After being so fully occupied, time began to hang heavily upon my hands and I had a month of idleness.

My wife insisted that there was nothing to worry about. In a way there was not. I think she thought that a little rest would do me good, but I found enforced idleness unendurable. If I had suffered much more of it I believe I should have had a nervous breakdown.

There was nothing for a man of my temperament to do but to get a job—and that speedily, if only for my health's sake. My experience during that month of idleness brought home to me more forcibly than ever the terrible plight of our unemployed.

When I set about solving my own unemployment problem I felt that I could not approach my former employers with a request for work, because I knew that business was not too good with them. But it was hard to come to this decision, because before entering Parliament at all I had risen to the position of manager, with a large wood-working department under my control.

A clean start

This was in my former constituency, and in my workshop at home is a beautiful mahogany desk which was presented to me by the board of directors when I was elected to Parliament.

You can understand my temptation to return; but the thought that my re-engagement would only be possible in the present depression if some existing employee were dismissed, restrained me.

So I am now working in a strange place and making a clean start at the very foot of the ladder once more.

My views on a man's occupation are in keeping with those of Ruskin, who put work first and said, "Toil is the law."

While some people imagine it derogatory to their own interests to step back to a position from whence they started, I most emphatically do not take that view.

I earnestly believe that I have decided wisely; that I have taken a step which may ultimately prove to be of great value.

Working, hoping

There has been more than one occasion in the House of Commons when a debate has arisen upon practical subjects, in which Labour Members have been able to demonstrate the value of practical knowledge as well as administrative ability.

So whether I am holding Government office or at work in a humbler capacity in a joiner's shop, I shall put the same spirit into it all, backed by my hopes for the great future of democracy, which every day draws nearer.

All work well done has its intrinsic value, and my brief break as a joiner will certainly prove no exception. Of that I am assured.

Race with "Silver Ring"

A "NATIONAL" TRIO

I WAS very impressed with Vinicole's win over four miles at Cheltenham, but I do not regard the Wroughton jumper in the light of a "National" horse.

It is really Aintree form that matters, and you will probably find Grakle, Gregalach and Sir Lindsay heading the betting lists round about March.

Newbury, Hurst Park and Gatwick provide useful trial races. There is one over the Surrey course this week-end, the Stayers' 'Chase of four miles. Alike has the steadier of 12 st. 7 lb., but she jumps like a cat and I expect her to win.

Bob Stone and Step Forward are suggested for the Saturday "double," and I shall not be surprised to see Fouquet win here.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 7, to Wednesday, January 13.

J S M L X Z H P D C T A N G Q K
U O Y W E F I V B R 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

98IXC97O would read THERAS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

S98297L97 would read OTTAWA.

"SILVER RING."

Teeth that sparkle ...with WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S used during the day is an ideal way of cleansing and preserving your teeth. At all times you are getting the benefit of a smooth, polishing agent.

Wrigley's freshens up your mouth—banishes all traces of eating and smoking and removes the particles of food (so apt to cause decay) that penetrate into the tiny crevices around and between the teeth.

Use Wrigley's regularly—its tempting flavour will delight you. No other sweet does so much yet costs so little.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet but the finest quality money can buy.

British Made by British Workmen with Empire Materials

Free Book on ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

Dr. Hair's Wonderful Discovery

Are you a sufferer—have you ever suffered—from Asthma or Bronchitis to such an extent that you are losing hope? A visit to Harley Street would provide you with no sounder advice than that contained in Dr. Hair's Treatise on Asthma and Bronchitis. But it does not rest there, it goes further, with the result of giving lifelong freedom to former sufferers who had given up all hope. You will find that this work—which is an inspired message of hope to those afflicted with Asthma and Bronchitis—is free. Dr. Hair's Treatise is written by one who was himself a specialist, having devoted his lifetime to the successful treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN, who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

New Hope, Life & Happiness

Dr. Hair, having suffered from Asthma at its worst, which he calls the furnace of suffering, for eleven years, finally discovered a successful treatment for himself, and was never again troubled with the complaint. For the benefit of those who ceaselessly complain of this terrible affliction Dr. Hair evolved a simple liquid preparation (taken in small doses), selling at a price within reach of those of modest means, which has worked wonders for thousands. Many of them, including a Royal Physician and a number of people whose names are household words, have written tributes, some of which are reprinted in Dr. Hair's Book. The original letters may be inspected at the London Offices at any time by appointment.

A DOCTOR'S THANKS.

"Thank you for your book on Asthma and allied diseases. Yours is a most marvellous discovery, and I send my hearty congratulations for the benefit not only to yourself but to humanity at large.

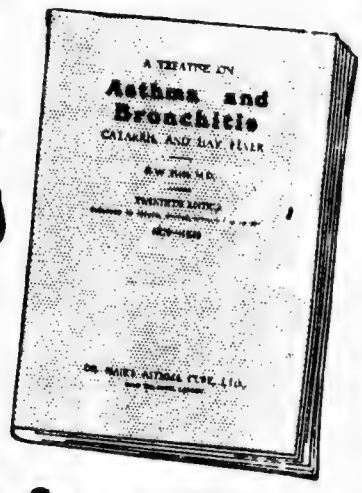
"Yours very sincerely."
M.D., L.R.C.S.

ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR writes:

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that 'Hair's Asthma Cure' has been before the profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in asthma and bronchitis.

"Yours faithfully."
—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Send for your copy of Dr Hair's FREE BOOK



EST? **Dr Hair's** 1876
ASTHMA CURE
THE PROVED LIQUID CURE

Obtainable at all leading Chemists and Stores or direct post free, price 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from address on Coupon.

THE CURE.

17th November, 1929.

Last June my wife caught a severe cold which the doctor diagnosed as Acute Bronchitis, with a tendency to Asthma. She got worse and fell away, every night she woke up at intervals of two hours fighting and gasping for breath.

She couldn't go out for a walk without stopping for breath and couldn't sleep. About a fortnight ago she took two doses of your wonderful cure and slept through the night without an attack and has not suffered since. She can now walk across the Downs without any trouble and is picking up wonderfully.

I am sorry that I did not know of THE CURE before, as it would have saved a lot of suffering let alone waste of money.

(Signed)
THEO. G. STAINES.

FREE BOOK

To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, Ltd.
(Dept. 69) 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Please send me, free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever and Catarrh.

NAME .....
(Mr. Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope for ½d.

WRITE CLEARLY J.B., 9/1/32

Face Powder Facts.

SCIENTIST TELLS OF AMAZING NEW RECIPE

Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and the worst complexion defects.

The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called mousse of cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long even in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games.

The entire world's rights to this amazing new formula have been acquired by Tokalon Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream face powder to-day. The immediate and tremendous improvement in your appearance will be the admiration and envy of your friends.

WHY PEOPLE FAIL OVER FORTY.

For many men and women the period from 40 to 50 marks the road down hill. They lose their energy and vigour; pleasure and work begin to lose their zest. Yet even the stress of modern life ought not to affect people so early. If you find that you are suffering in this way, here is a hint doctors are giving to many of their patients.

Take a glass of Wincarnis two or three times a day. You will find it delicious with its lovely aroma and bouquet, and with your very first glass you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins. You will find you sleep better and you will wake up full of energy and vitality.

For Wincarnis is the perfect tonic for men and women over 40. The wine in every bottle contains all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the vitamins and strength-building elements of beef and malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how delicious it is. See how very soon you find your lost youth coming back.

WHOOPING COUGH

For quicker relief, let your child inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapour while sleeping.

Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapour direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. No long waiting for relief as is the case with remedies taken internally. Does not upset the stomach. Drugless, easy to use. Disinfects the room and prevents the spread of infection. Complete directions with every bottle. In successful use for 52 years. Goes straight to the spot. Of all chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

gives quicker relief.

Send for Booklet No 22D. ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.3

Sun-flecks and shadows in the peaceful courts of the Temple and a white-haired old man who walks very slowly—for he is used to waiting, now . . .

Tragedies OF THE TEMPLE

DOWN by the Thames and separated from it by sloping grass lawns stand the old brick houses of the Temple. They cluster around paved courts, they are threaded by winding alleys and darkened by twisted trees and ivy.

For three hundred years most of them have stood as they stand to-day.

The dust of centuries obscures the hand-rolled glass of their windows and the aged leather books that are piled on the shelves inside.

There is dust everywhere; dust and cobwebs are inseparable from the life of the lawyer, dust that is perhaps symbolical of the antiquated state of things that entangles him like the cobwebs entangle the flies on his ceiling.

When one wanders at dusk among this maze of ancient lumber, sometimes one meets bent old men coming in and out of the brick houses. They walk, their white heads bare to the stars, men in worn old morning coats and trousers frayed at the tip.

They are the disappointed ones in the profession. For years they have sat in those dusty panelled chambers waiting for the brief that never came.

Illusion dies

It is many years since they were lured to London by the glittering prizes that the Bar seemed to offer.

They began to save up to pay their fees. They sat up at night poring over law books and wearing their brains until the great day came, and, having saved up their fees, they were called at last to the Bar.

Since then they have sat waiting, listening for the solicitor's knock. The capital they saved is wasted. Their illusions are gone.

Instances? There was a man who began life as a clerk in a big store in the North. After the usual struggle he was called to the Bar in middle life. When he was over sixty he was making enough to keep alive by doing little cases in the police court.

He could not even pay the rent of his chambers, and his clients would find him in the common room of his Inn, where he transacted the little work that came to him. Occasionally he would get an odd job from some firm of law stationers.

Then one day he was not in his usual place in the common room. A few comments passed, and he was forgotten. At the Bar, people are always appearing and vanishing again.

Later on, it was learnt that he had been discovered dead in his room in a lodging-house—the windows shut, the gas turned on full.

There are others who come up full of hope from the public schools and universities. Their speeches were once the talk of the undergraduate world. Their epigrams were repeated in every junior common room.

As the months go on, one meets them growing more despondent, full of self-reproach, and asking themselves why it is that they go on from term to term with nothing to do, whereas so-and-so, who was up with them, is now an Under-Secretary and has a job running well into four figures.

Men who pass

The pathetic thing is that it is no fault of their own. Good fortune at the roulette table is as nearly related to merit as good fortune at the Bar. Though they may go down to their graves not knowing it, many of these men, given the chance, are as brilliant, as painstaking, as well versed in their law, as moving in their advocacy, as brains and hard work could make them.

But between the solicitors who give out the work and the barrister who receives it there is no contact. The barrister is precluded by all the laws of his profession from putting himself in the solicitors' way.

If a man is called to the Bar and moves into chambers there is no way in which the solicitor can get to hear of him, and few solicitors care to try a new hand.

The result is that barristers get their work either because they are in some way related to or friendly with a solicitor, or because of some stroke of chance that gives them an opportunity.

For instance, a counsel briefed in a big action may suddenly be unable to go to court. He may be ill or detained elsewhere, and someone in his chambers takes his place.

Untapped power

Some of the most famous barristers of to-day have made their names that way. But such luck does not come to everyone.

The haphazard, three-hundred-year-old system of our law does not bear harshly on the barrister only. There are at the service of the public numbers of able and conscientious men who could handle their usual business quickly, efficiently and cheaply.

But the public does not know of them. The public knows only a few great names, names of men in continual demand, who naturally charge highly for their services.

So the public believes that Justice is tedious, long and expensive, and will often submit to a wrong rather than incur what it imagines to be, but what need not be, the fabulous cost and endless worry of a suit.

And this is all because between the rank and file at the Bar longing to get work to do, and the large numbers of people outside eager to settle their disputes quickly and cheaply, there has grown up in three hundred years a tangled, impenetrable barrier of custom, hypocrisy and red tape.

But even if the layman does not demand one of the famous barristers and leaves the choice of counsel to his solicitor, his outlook is not much better. His prospects of finding the best man for his job at the fee he can afford to pay are infinitesimal.

The charmed circle

All barristers are equally unfamiliar to him; they are also unfamiliar to the solicitor. The solicitor has no means of getting into touch with any barrister outside the charmed circle of the famous and expensive except for those with whom relationship, social acquaintance or chance have brought him in contact.

Moreover, he is always faced with the temptation of employing some expensive counsel, as his own fees will be in proportion and his client is quite ignorant of the mine of talent at his disposal.

Antiquated, expensive and cumbersome as this system is, it would be easy to shear it of its worst abuses, if only those vested interests at the top would allow it.

To begin with, it is quite unnecessary for the layman to pay twice over—once for his solicitor and once for his counsel.

The separation of the law into two sides, expensive, slow and complicated, is not known outside England, and the idea of the necessity of specialised knowledge is largely "eyewash."

The few must suffer

If the two sides, solicitor and barrister, were combined into one, the layman could go straight to his legal advisers, see them round a table and settle his whole business, without the waste of time and money entailed in drawing up statements, sending them to chambers for an opinion, charging the client for another conference, sending back the papers to counsel to draft a writ and so forth, until months have elapsed and a fortune is frittered away.

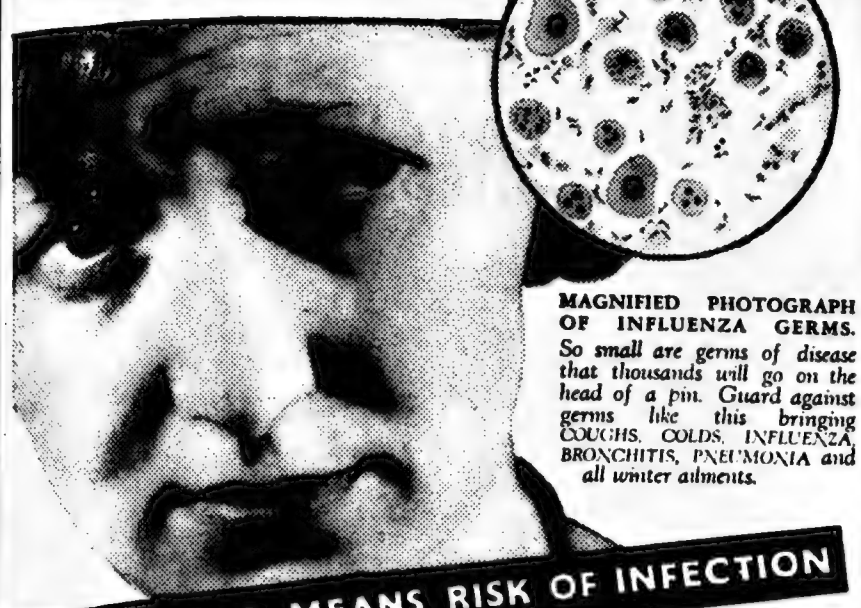
It would cut the expense down to one quarter. It would also bring every barrister into touch with one firm of solicitors as soon as he entered the profession, and every man would have his chance.

A good firm would have one man to do the solicitors' work, another to plead in Court, and say a third to draw up deeds and conveyances, and the layman could immediately see the man he needed and do his business over a table.

That, of course, would do away with the princely fortunes now to be earned at the Bar by a very few.

But at the Bar, as elsewhere, the princely fortune may be a thing of the past. And when one considers that the injustice, the wrongs put up with, the hopes broken, and the talent run to seed, are part of the price of supporting a few famous barristers at the top, one may well ask if it is really worth it.

INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE—yet you must be *fit* to resist them.



MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH OF INFLUENZA GERMS. *So small are germs of disease that thousands will go on the head of a pin. Guard against germs like this bringing COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA and all winter ailments.*

POOR BLOOD MEANS RISK OF INFECTION

COLDS and Influenza are not inevitable—you *can* avoid them—you *can* protect yourself against them. It is when you are tired, depressed, run-down, that you invite infection. Low physical condition is usually due to the impoverished state of the blood.

Enrich your blood with a glass of Hall's Wine when you are feeling out of sorts and you will keep away the most trying of winter ailments.

Do not be misled by the fact that you are apparently healthy—you must fight Colds and Influenza all the time. Once you are off your guard—once you relax—you lay yourself open to the attack of germs.

When Colds are prevalent and during epidemics, take a glass of Hall's Wine morning and evening.

In Hall's Wine you will find the source of new energy that not only gives you the strength to resist illness but adds enormously to your efficiency and your enjoyment of life.

● *Send a postcard to-day for particulars of a very SPECIAL OFFER to purchasers of Hall's Wine.*

HALL'S WINE
ENRICHES THE BLOOD

★ ***Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.***

Of all Chemists, Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers.

Large bottle, 5/6
Smaller size, 3/3

Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Gradually your hands grow hard

● *a tragedy, when it's so easy to keep them lovely*

● *Bedtime is the time for hands. A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly makes them soft and lovely while you sleep.*

PEOPLE always notice your hands . . . No need to let washing dishes, or typing, roughen them, when a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly will keep your hands smooth and white!

Rub a little "Vaseline" Jelly well into the skin last thing every night. Hands soon grow smooth and lovely with this minute-a-day care.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

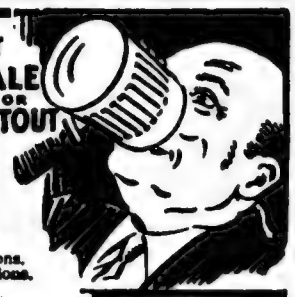
● *Also soothes and softens rough, cracked lips as well as hands.*

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

Delicious STEAK with Holbrook's Worcestershire SAUCE

1D A PINT BEER ALE or STOUT

Resolve—to pay no more for



Make "OAMBROO," a genuine full-flavoured Beer, Ale or Stout, at Home from

"VIGGORMALT,"

a highly concentrated extract of

MALT & HOPS ONLY

YEAST SUPPLIED FREE WITH EACH TIN

1/- Trial Size makes 5/6 Tin makes 8 Gallons.
1 Gallon. 8/- Tin makes 13 Gallons.
2/6 Tin makes 3 Gallons.
(State whether Ale or Stout when ordering)

Prices for U.K. only. Colonial & Foreign postage extra. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. direct to—

VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. 9C), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX.

NO MILLING MASHING BOILING or FILTERING

"VIGGORMALT" 100% TONIC FOOD is obtainable through Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's (1928) Ltd., International Stores, and all Chemists and Grocers.

Pain after Eating
ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it Now. (Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 22), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

FILMOPHONE RADIO HOUR

EVERY SUNDAY
from
RADIO NORMANDIE
(FÉCAMP) 223 Metres
7—8 p.m.

LISTEN IN AND WIN

FILMOPHONE FLEXIBLE RECORDS Ltd., 12, Oval Rd., London, N.W.1

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

But now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which make so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that extract name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

This Taximan is knowing, he takes Zubes to keep him glowing

All day long in rain or snow he needs these Zubes to make him glow. They ease his throat from hoarseness and tickling. Make him the cheeriest fellow on the rank.

ZUBES

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Capsicum, Friar's Balsam, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Squills and Honey.

2½d PER OZ Except in Irish Free State.

F. W. Hampshire & Co. Ltd., Derby.

GIRLS' PERILS

The most perilous time in a girl's life is at that period in her 'teens when she is passing from girlhood to womanhood. If her health at this time is not maintained by a sufficiency of good blood, all kinds of weaknesses are likely to arise. To create and maintain a supply of pure rich blood there is nothing to equal Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have rescued thousands of girls from a life of suffering because of their remarkable blood-making properties.

Miss L. Protheroe, of Clydach, Nr. Swansea, states: "For a long time I suffered badly from anæmia. I grew terribly languid; palpitation of the heart distressed me and I was ghastly pale. I often had attacks of dizziness and faintness; my ankles became swollen; splitting headaches frequently assailed me.

"I tried Dr. Williams' pink pills on a friend's recommendation, and before I had finished the first box I felt an improvement. I began to eat better and the colour crept into my cheeks. As I continued with the pills, my aches and pains vanished one by one, and soon I was like a new girl."

FREE. No girl should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d PER QR

MADE IN DONCASTER.

Great SPEED BATTLE PLANS

WHAT will be Britain's place in the world of speed this year? Shall we go on to greater achievements? Or shall we lose our prestige?

One of our finest possessions is that we hold four Big World Records, in air, on land and on water. The Old Year saw a tremendous performance by superb engineers, pilots, drivers and mechanics.

This month a committee of experts will award the V.C. of speed to the knight who did the greatest deed in 1931—that award which commemorates the death of Sir Henry Segrave in his speed boat.

Our knights of speed, better than the glamorous knights of legend, have blazoned the name of Britain all over the world. In these perilous times of depression they have proved that machines made by British hands are the best.

Factories are working to-day in Britain because the engineer and the brave man have combined in the greatest mechanical offensive the world has ever known.

The last trick for Britain's nap-hand of speed records—Charles Harrison, all out to beat the American holder

THE BIG FOUR of Speed Records

SEAPLANE
Flight-Lieut. Stainforth 407.5 m.p.h.

MOTOR-CAR
Sir Malcolm Campbell 246.09 m.p.h.

MOTOR-BOAT
Kaye Don - 110.58 m.p.h.

MOTOR-CYCLE
J. S. Wright - 150.73 m.p.h.

Spirit of Segrave

Sitting up one night in the boathouse at Windermere while mechanics worked on "Miss England II." a few hours before the tragic June 13, Segrave said to me:

"This thing is more than a mere quest for more speed. It is much more than that—it means prestige for Britain, trade and employment. And I know it is worth while."

That is exactly the spirit.

What are we going to do about plans which are being made in many foreign countries to wrest our laurels from us?

The speed men know and are prepared.

The fastest man in the world is Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, who thinks that even his amazing 407 miles an hour will be passed during 1932.

The Italians and the "hush-hush" 'planes that defaulted on the eve of the Schneider Trophy contest are being prepared for an attempt on the record. If they succeed, then we shall see the Supermarine Rolls-Royce in the air again and *faster than ever*.

Sir Malcolm Campbell is determined that Britain shall retain the land speed record he set up at Daytona last March. Though he has passed the age when most speed kings slow down, this smiling, blue-eyed man is preparing "Blue Bird" for yet another speed burst across the sands of Daytona.

If "Wizard" Smith and his Australian-built car is successful, then Campbell will be off again on his endless search for more speed.

Attack — counter-attack

Kaye Don, too, is overhauling the "Silver Bullet," and before long he will set out to repeat his success on the water on land.

Don is determined that the water speed record which he took from his American rival, Commodore Gar Wood, shall remain with Britain. In April the new "Miss England" the third of her famous line, will go to Lake Garda, in Italy, and Don will attempt to pass the 110 m.p.h. mark he set up there last July.

Then, in September, he will meet Gar Wood and his "Miss America" once more at Detroit. The two events will give the full proof.

Meanwhile the new "Miss England" is being so carefully designed that repetitions of the Windermere tragedy, when Britain lost Segrave, and the Detroit disaster, when the same fate almost overtook Don and his engineers, will be guarded against.

"Miss England III." will have Schneider Trophy engines of 5,000 horse-power and will be the most powerful machine of her size that has ever been built.

America wants this record, and Wood is determined to win it back. Already his "Miss America," fitted with new engines, has unofficially touched the 110 m.p.h. mark.

When the rivals meet on Lake Garda in May to attack the record what a great clash it will be!

Few can realise what 100 miles an hour on the water is like. It must be something that one can never get quite used to.

When I travelled with Don in his practice craft "Crescendo" on Southampton Water at a mere seventy miles an hour, it was all one could do to stop inside the bumping, twisting craft. And always with you is the thought that at any moment the craft may rear in the air and capsize.

What must 110 m.p.h. be like?

It is the same with all these wonderful machines. The pilot must be constantly on the alert. Things happen in split seconds, before the brain has time to send a message to hands and feet.

Think, now, of those other knights of speed.

A young Londoner, "Joe" Wright, will defend his 150 m.p.h. motor cycle record and Charles Harrison will continue his attack on the outboard world record. Harrison holds the British record of 55.56 m.p.h.

German invaders

Germany realises what the motor-cycle record means to her growing trade in motor-cycles. Subsidised by the Government, her manufacturers are sparing no effort to build a machine with which their champion Henne can recapture the record.

But "Joe" Wright is ready. He is aiming to be the first to pass 200 m.p.h. on two wheels—merely 50 m.p.h. beyond his record!

There are other speed records that we have reaped in 1931. George Eyston, one of our finest drivers, was the first to exceed 100 m.p.h. in a "baby" car, and captured many records hitherto held abroad.

Baby giants

British "babies" followed up this success by winning the three great British races, the Double Twelve, Irish Grand Prix and the "T.T."

There are few motor-car records we have not won—a number of schedule long-distance records held by France. This year at least two British makes of car will attack these records.

The world for a little while was inclined to think that Britain had lost punch. How foolish! There are great traders and manufacturers to-day who have all the adventurous characteristics of our Drakes and Raleighs of the golden days.

Two big men

To mention one—Lord Wakefield has spent close upon a million pounds in the last few years in giving our men opportunity of winning world laurels.

And in all these great contests there is a modest fellow in dungarees who seldom comes into the picture—the mechanic who knows every detail of his beloved machine and who shares the worst of the danger.

He also is British made.

by

THOMAS H. WISDOM

one of the best-known motoring critics in the country

Two Records Smashed To-day!

All records have been shattered to-day by the offer for one week only of £1,250 for a "Bullet." A coupon from page 35 may bring you this colossal prize.

Another sensational opportunity awaits you on page 32, where a Record Crossword Pension of £2 2s. a week for life is the reward for solving an interesting puzzle.

Make the most of JOHN BULL'S big "Double"—you have only one week to enter!

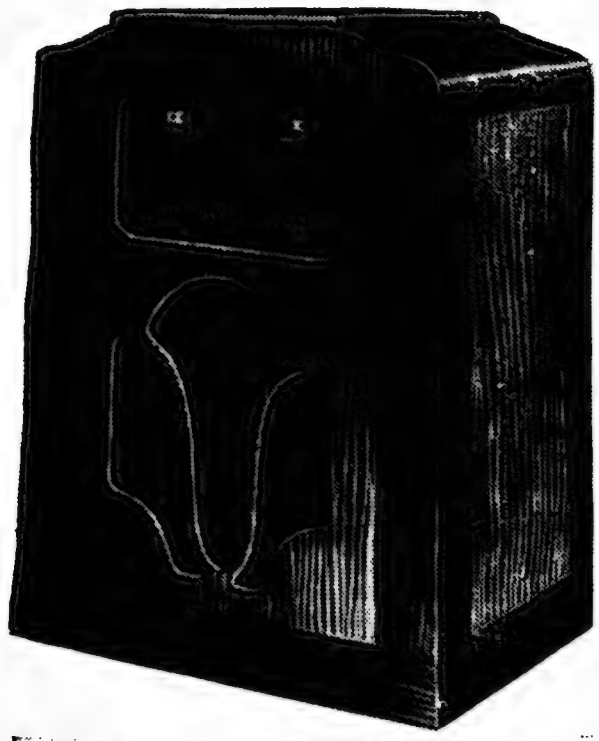
America Africa Australia

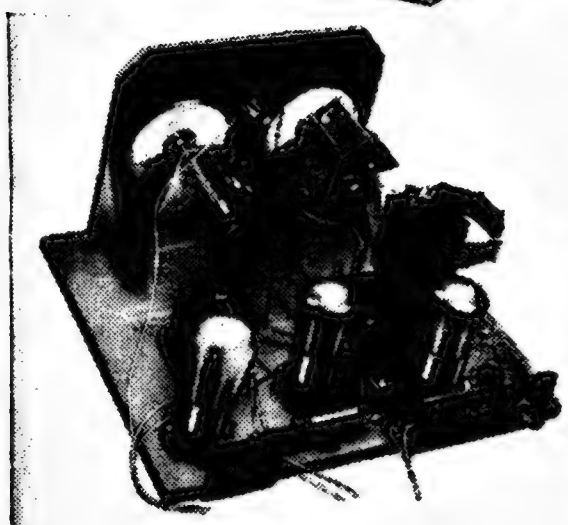
No ordinary radio set can get these foreign countries

Simple and inexpensive radio which tunes in
ALL WAVELENGTHS

THOUSANDS upon thousands of Meteors have already been built. Listeners in all parts of the country have now proved that our claims for this wonder receiver are fully justified. Night after night listeners are tuning-in America, Australia, Africa and other far-distant countries as well as the Home and Continental programmes.

The Meteor is no ordinary receiver. It does much more than other 3-valve sets. It combines all the advantages of simplicity of operation, outstanding sensitivity and selectivity, quality of tone and handsome appearance with the fascination of world-wide reception of ALL WAVELENGTHS. In addition to the medium and high wavelengths as used by the B.B.C. and Continental Stations, the Meteor also enables you to tune-in the ULTRA-SHORT WAVES as used by over seventy stations in all parts of the world.





METEOR III KITS.

COMPLETE KIT	STANDARD CABINET KIT	CONSOLETTE CABINET KIT
of quality components, including panel (cut and drilled), baseboard, Jiffilinx, flex, screws, plugs, etc.	(Complete Kit with Standard Cabinet to house set only)	(Complete Kit with Consolette Cabinet, as illustrated, to house set, speaker and batteries)
75/-	**89/6**	**£5.0.0**
or 9/- down and 7 monthly payments of 10/6.	or 11/- down and 8 monthly payments of 11/-	or 11/- down and 9 monthly payments of 11/-

Valves are not included in the prices shown. Mullard Valves are recommended by the designe.—see Folder.

FREE full size plan FREE from your dealer

Go to your radio dealer. Ask him for your free copy of the Meteor Folder, which describes fully this fascinating receiver and shows you how extremely easy it is to build. No cutting or drilling; no previous experience necessary; a screwdriver and pliers are the only tools you need. By building the Meteor yourself you obtain the very latest type of modern receiver and save yourself pounds.

If any difficulty in obtaining your Meteor Folder, post coupon now to Ready Radio, Ltd., Eastnor House, Blackheath, S.E.3. If you also enclose four 1½d. stamps we will send you Mr. Kendall's latest book entitled "10 Hows for the Modern Radio Constructor," packed full of useful information

With a pick-up connected to the sockets provided, the Meteor becomes an electrical reproducer of gramophone records at a flick of the radiogram switch.

BUILD A METEOR AND WIN A BIG PRIZE. Listen to the "John Bull" Radio Programmes from Paris with a Meteor. You will be delighted by the wonderful volume and perfect tone.

Daily demonstrations of the wonderful Meteor at the Ready Radio Showrooms, 159, Borough High Street, London Bridge, S.E.1 (2 minutes from London Bridge Station).

READY RADIO METEOR III

ALL BRITISH

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J.B. BLOCK LETTERS—IN INK—PLEASE

CHECK your CATARRH

WHY not banish that "everlasting cold-in-the-head" which means CATARRH . . . that irritating cough, that stuffed throat? It's easily done . . . . pop a POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLE in the mouth and let it clear all stuffiness, tickling and hoarseness—effectively and pleasantly.

Buy a handy size tin to-day—at all medicine vendors and stores, 1/3 a tin or 1/4½ post free from the makers:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
61a, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(*Makers of POTTER'S Asthma Cure*).

Potter's CATARRH PASTILLES

EXCELLENT HINT TO STOMACH SUFFERERS.

To those who suffer from acid-caused stomach disorders, such as indigestion, wind, heartburn, gastritis or other similar ailment, here's an excellent way—in fact the only way—to get rid of the trouble quickly, easily, and at a very little cost. Go to your nearest chemist and get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, either powder or tablet form. This amazing remedy removes the cause of your stomach trouble by neutralising acidity and preventing food fermentation, which are the chief sources of all digestive ills. Nothing could be more logical than this, and, because 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the common-sense remedy for acid conditions of the stomach, doctors recommend it and many hospitals use it. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the one remedy which you can rely upon to give quick and sure relief, no matter how severe the trouble or how long it has lasted.

Sore Throat?

WULFING BRAND
FORMAMINT
conquers Sore Throat and prevents infectious diseases, such as Influenza, Diphtheria, etc.
At all Chemists—2/6 per bottle.
GERATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

THE Sin-Twin's REVENGE

"HUMANIST" takes a sympathetic interest in the physical and mental sufferings of patients in famous London hospitals. He is Mr. Philip Inman whose writings in JOHN BULL *have made him one of our most valued contributors.*

We invite you to bring your troubles to him through the post, addressed to "Humanist," JOHN BULL. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most interesting problems published £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid.

THE resemblance between my twin brother and myself is so great that only our parents and close relatives can distinguish us when we are apart.

Five years ago my father set us up in business, and for the first year we were very successful. Later, however, our profits showed a big decrease, and I discovered the cause was that my brother had embezzled various sums of money belonging to the firm.

He entreated me to overlook it, and I promised to do so, but I warned him that, should it occur again, I would take proceedings against him.

All went well for six months. Then he failed to produce two large sums of money which he had collected. Consequently, the matter was placed in the hands of the police. My brother was charged and bound over as a first offender.

I refused to have him back in the business, and he went away swearing that he would get even with me. To avoid scandal we removed into another district, and shortly afterwards I got married.

THREE months ago my wife heard rumours that I was associating with another woman, and that I had been seen at the pictures with her. I denied the assertion emphatically and was able to prove that I was somewhere else at the time.

A few days later a similar story was told to my wife, and this time the observer described my clothes, which corresponded exactly to those I usually wear. This second incident resulted in a quarrel, after which my wife left me, taking with her our little girl.

I made strenuous efforts to discover the source of these rumours, and I ultimately hit upon the solution. I discovered that my brother had been living in the district under my name.

I had never told my wife that I had a brother because of his disgrace, and when I sought her out—she was staying with friends—and tried to explain matters she said that she didn't believe me. "If you want to convince me," she went on, "why not find your brother and let me see him."

I have tried my utmost to trace him, but without success, and he now appears to have left the district. Could you advise me what to do?

"HUMANIST" says: It is a pity you kept the secret from your wife. Obtain the birth certificates of both yourself and your brother. Get your story confirmed by someone who knew you in your earlier years. You have been the victim of a cruel hoax. But truth will out.

GOOD SAMARITAN

is a crook

FOR two years I was unemployed, and during that time of hardship my wife was deprived of all but the necessities of life. She became morose and hasty-tempered, and after a quarrel one night I struck her, with the result that she obtained a separation.

For seven months I tramped about looking for work, but without success. Then one day I ran across an old school chum who told me that his firm was opening a branch warehouse, and as he had been appointed manager he would give me a job as packer.

As soon as I started work my wife forgave me on my promising that she would never have to complain again of my treatment. A few weeks ago I was asked to work overtime, and as my wages are not very high, I readily consented. But I have since found out that this night work has nothing to do with the firm, and that I have been packing goods which the manager has stolen from our employer.

I taxed him with it, and he confessed that my suspicions were correct, but that he was in financial difficulties and was doing it to save his home.

I feel in a quandary and don't know what to do. When I was down and out he was the one to give me a new start, and I feel a great obligation to him. It was difficult enough to find work with a clean character, and it would be almost hopeless if I had been in jail. Not only that, but I should lose my wife just when we are happily reunited. What ought I to do?

"HUMANIST" says: You must tell your friend that you will not be a party to any dishonest practices. Sooner or later he is bound to be found out, and you will share his punishment. Keep your good name, whatever the sacrifice. A man without a character is like a ship without a rudder.

Plead with your friend to play a straight game, so that both your jobs may be preserved.

MOCK HERO

and a blackmail plot

DRIVING a car borrowed from a friend, I had the misfortune to collide with another car driven by an elderly and fiery-tempered man. I readily admitted that the mishap was my fault, but he berated me so soundly that I lost my temper and used strong language.

As neither car was damaged and nobody hurt, I drove off after hurling a final sarcastic retort. I concluded the matter was ended, but there was to be a sequel.

Some time later I fell in love with a girl, and when she took me home to introduce me to her people, I was dismayed to find her father was the man whose car I had run into. He scowled at me for a minute, and then peremptorily showed me the door. I tried to apologise, but in vain. He would hear no word of regret.

Unbeknown to him, my girl and I continued to meet, and we discussed plans likely to make her father change his attitude towards me. At last we hit upon an idea which succeeded, although it sounded fantastic.

My girl, who lives near the Thames, frequently spends an afternoon rowing, and she left the house one day having told her parents that this was her intention.

Instead, she met me at the home of a friend to whom we had previously confided our secret. Here we went upstairs and, fully dressed, stood under the shower in the bathroom until we were thoroughly drenched. Our friend hurried us out through a back door unobserved, bundled us into his car, and drove us to my girl's home.

When her people rushed out in concern, he explained he had seen her boat capsize and watched me make a thrilling rescue.

The ruse worked, and from that day I was gladly welcomed into the home. Now I have become engaged, but the friend who helped us in the plot threatens to betray us. He says that as I am marrying money I can afford to buy his silence.

I know this is blackmail, but ought I to resist? If I do, my happiness may once more become jeopardised.

"HUMANIST" says: You knew how to use strong language to your prospective father-in-law; why not do the same with the blackmailer? It would not be wasted on him. Don't give such a blackguard the chance of telling your future parents-in-law—get in first.

They must respect you by now, and would much sooner know the truth than you should be bled by a blackmailer.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Tragic Legacy

"He came into a legacy of some two dozen pawn tickets . . ."

TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD J. P., whose photograph is here, has manfully shouldered the burden of fathering a large family of brothers and sisters.

His father is in Wormwood Scrubs, having been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of his wife. He is a chronic epileptic, and after a fit in the night, he rose in a dangerous temper and inflicted such serious injuries on his wife that she died in hospital the same day without regaining consciousness.

So J. P., the eldest of nine, came home to take his father's place. His sister, aged seventeen, left her job in domestic service to fill the place of the dead mother.

"My sister," said J. P., "has pretty well as bad a worry as I have, as she has to keep the family going in food. If I had not had her, I don't know how I'd have got on. My one idea is to keep the home going, and to keep us all together. Apart from the worry of money, we are happy together."

When we saw J. P. he was greatly troubled because, for the time being, he has been put off his job as a market gardener. When in work he earns on an average twenty-five shillings a week.

The next eldest brother gets 15s. 3d. unemployment pay, and the next boy is at present bringing in nothing. A girl of fifteen earns 10s. a week. Then there is a girl aged thirteen, and three boys of eleven, nine and seven years.

They all live in a three-roomed cottage, the rent of which was £5 in arrears when J. P. took up the reins of the little home. He has also come into a legacy of some two dozen pawn tickets for sheets and clothing pawned by his mother when his father was out of work.

"We wear one another's jackets very often and we have only what we work in," explained J. P.

Is it to be wondered at that this very brave young man wakes up in the mornings with a load on his mind? "Though," he says, "I have to appear cheerful whatever I feel like." And is it any wonder that his young brothers and sisters look up to him with admiring affection?

Here is an opportunity which our readers are not likely to miss. Come to the rescue of a family living under the shadow of an awful tragedy! All subscriptions, whether earmarked for J. P. or otherwise, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be made through the post and full lists of subscriptions may be seen at this office.

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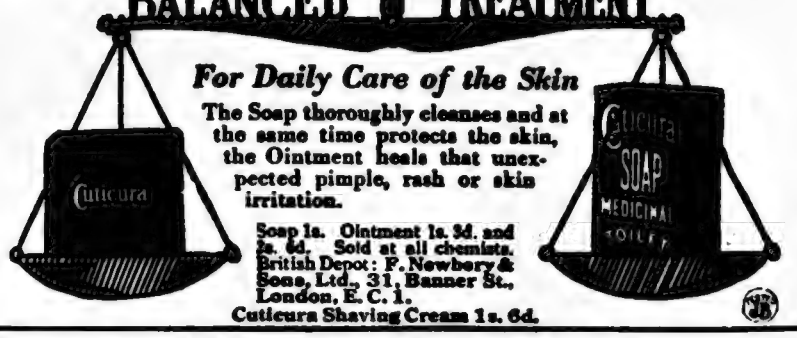

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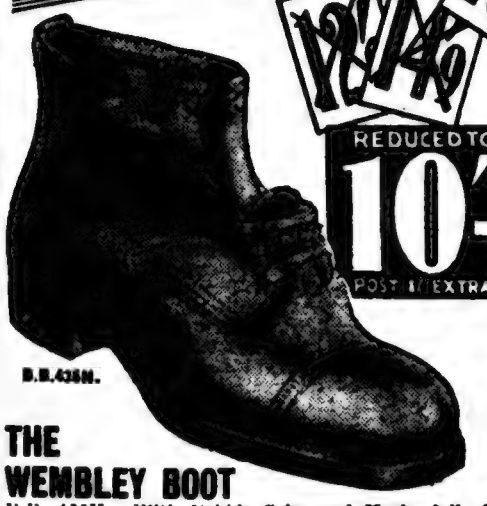

This great Annual Sale of ours—the greatest in the trade—is always a wonderful opportunity of securing Amazing Bargains, and on this occasion reductions are sweeping in the extreme.

Owing to our recent Warehouse removal, we have decided to clear OUR ENTIRE STOCKS and have accordingly cut prices without regard to cost or quality. Our Sale Prices show saving from 25 per cent. up to 50 per cent.!—and the demand will be enormous—so Order at Once!

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THE WEMBLEY BOOT

B.B. 435H. With Itshide Soles and Heels, full back uppers of bright Chrome Box Calf or Tan, leather lined to toe, full double tongue, screwed and stitched to heel. Ideal for policemen, postmen, farmers, sportsmen and outdoor men generally. Value unequalled elsewhere. With or without toe-cap. Also with best English leather soles.

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Made by Government Army Contractors.

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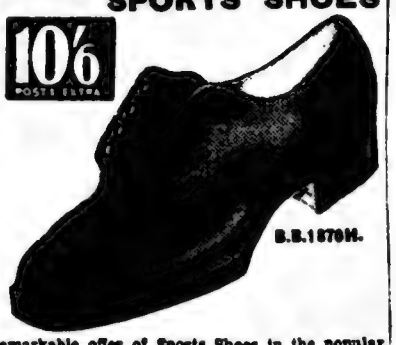

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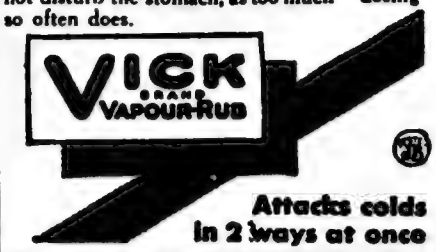
When a cold goes "down deep," vigorous treatment is needed to avoid serious danger.

Take a laxative and a hot foot-bath and go to bed. Redden the skin of throat and chest with hot, wet towels. Then massage briskly with Vick brand Vapour-Rub, spread on a thick layer, and cover with hot flannel.

This external treatment is especially good for children's cold troubles because it does not disturb the stomach, as too much "dosing" so often does.



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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors Define—

Hubby's Job IN THE HOME

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 12.

What I Think of "John Bull's" Broadcast from Paris

THE husband should take over the whole of the household duties for just one day: washing, cooking, and the numerous other jobs.

He will probably make a "bodge" of them, but at the end of an imperfect day, when he creeps between the sheets, he will acknowledge that his job in the home is to lighten the lot of his wife. This he has probably neglected to do, not through want of heart—just want of thought.—*Kipper, Portchester.*

Provider of Joy

He should be an all-the-year-round Santa Claus, his advent each day being looked forward to by wife and children, not on account of presents, but because he has always a laugh and a kiss for them.

Entering his home, he leaves business cares on the doorstep; his change of role, from moneymaker to joy dispenser, will be at once his relaxation and tonic.

His job should be to maintain harmony, helping to smooth out domestic troubles that loomed so large—until he laughed at them.—*B. H., Brighton.*

His Skipper

I am a seaman, and my job when I'm home is to take things easy—just to talk and listen to my wife—and she quite agrees.

I plough the seas, but not the garden. The old story of sailors being useful men about the house means nothing to the Missus.

She is the captain of our ship, but I'm not the crew, just a passenger.

And, do you know, we never have storms, but just a gentle breeze now and then.—*M. M., Grimsby.*

Where's Yer Father?

When the lino needs a tack
Or some nails put in the rack,
And the window blind's gone slack,
It's "Where's yer Father?"
When the front is full of snow—
Down the path you cannot go—
While the wintry breezes blow,
It's "Where's yer Father?"
When any job needs doing,
Or, when there's trouble brewing,
You hear the "home-birds" cooing
"Where's yer Father?"

Idsum, Hull.

Solomon the Second

Guide, philosopher, friend, financier, furnisher and father—such are the roles a husband must play.

He must be neither little tin god nor plaster saint, be of broad mind, great heart, open hand and wide vision. He should, from his own wide experience, understand his family's frailties and be prone to forgive and powerful to prevent errors and failings.

His job is the hardest in the house—except the mother's.—*H. D., Bradford.*

He Must Boss

The husband's job is to be boss (but not in a bossy manner). In all important matters his word ought to be law (except when it is absolutely preposterous—then it must be diplomatically circumvented).

No wife worthy the name will have a husband messing about dish-washing and window-cleaning. Only in such matters as nail-driving and so on should his services be requested.

Discreetly flatter his vanity and so foster in him the self-respect becoming in a husband.—*A Happy Wife, Musselburgh.*

A Still Tongue

His job is to keep out of the way and mind his own business.

He would not like it if his wife kept telling him how to go on at the office or in the works, so why should he interfere with domestic affairs?—*L. H., Rugby.*

Paying Proposition

Without in any way sacrificing his manhood or being regarded as "henpecked," a husband should definitely assign to himself some of the tasks which fall to the lot of a wife.

The heavy jobs—the awkward jobs—the risky jobs—these he should certainly do. He should be cheerful and instil cheerfulness, confident and breed confidence, appreciative and earn appreciation.

He should always remember that his wife is his active partner and help her to make the business of "Domestic, Ltd.," a paying proposition.—*G. W. B., Blackburn.*

His Golden Rules

Here are the husband's ten commandments:—To consider his wife as his partner. To pull his weight and not show it. To show pride in his wife's home making. Never to compare her work with mother's. Always be first to say, "I'm sorry." Never worry her with business problems. Never invite friends without due notice to her. Be always ready to "give a hand." Never say that housework is easy. Always respect her and never talk about women's privileges. —*S. M., Liverpool.*

Give Her a Rest

It is to assist his wife with her domestic duties as much as possible, such as washing dishes and sweeping floors, and still not be henpecked.

These odd jobs give his wife a few minutes' rest. Men work eight hours a day, but some women work about fourteen, with hardly time to swallow their food before they are at it again.

It is up to all husbands to show their children a good example. When the old cock crows, the young ones learn.—*Mac., Port Glasgow.*

His Daily Toil

According to the daily programme laid down by my wife, a husband should rise in time to take up tea, clean the grate, lay the fire, fill scuttles, wash up supper dishes, and let the cat in before going to work.

Returning at night, he should lay and prepare tea, replenish the scuttles, wash up the tea things, and, except for a few errands, and perhaps a bit of brass or silver to clean, the rest of the evening he can do as he pleases—if he's out alone.—*A. C., Bristol.*

Say it in Music

Playing second fiddle on a subdued note; observing the beat of the conductor; being on time and in tune; endeavouring to be in unison or harmony seems a little difficult, but this is the husband's job.

Performing solo in the heavy passages of the domestic symphony, and taking silence as eloquent of inward appreciation—all this he must do.—*C. G., Huddersfield.*

Her Slave

I'm eighty years old, and observation of the youth of to-day has shown me that the duty of the modern husband is to sit up until early morning to let in his wife when she returns from her main pastime, dancing.

The husband's job, from her point of view, is to provide money, clothes and a home, and to give her the personal licence that her father would not allow her to have.—*Old-Fashioned, Hull.*

* * *

His job is always to put a little more into it than he expects out of it.—*Happy Father, Bridport.*

He should learn the job of his wife thoroughly because, in case of serious illness or an emergency, he could then take up the reins and carry on with the work.—*My Wife, Stoke-on-Trent.*

To a good wife the husband should be helpmate, confidant and friend. If she comes under the other category, he must captain the ship or it will sink.—*Lancashire Lad, Burnley.*

It is to be a Mussolini, and keep going strong. His woman will be happy with her he-man.—*C. D., Glasgow.*

His job is not working but influencing.—*H. K., Blackburn.*

A few flowers, or her shoes cleaned, beats interference in her job. *E. K., Brigg.*

The majority of men have to work hard all day, therefore no woman should expect too much of any man in the home.—*E. F., Tottenham.*

Football Matches played on January 9

OUR EXPERT FORECASTS—

F.A. (ENGLISH) CUP.—ROUND III. PROPER.

(1) W.B. ALBION v. Aston Villa.
(2) MIDDLESBRO' v. Portsmouth.
*(3) EVERTON v. Liverpool.
(4) Blackpool v. NEWCASTLE.
*(5) SUNDERLAND v. Southampton.
(6) Hotspur v. WEDNESDAY.
(7) Oldham v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(8) Preston v. BOLTON.
(9) Charlton v. WEST HAM.
*(10) BIRMINGHAM v. Bradford C.
(11) Burnley v. DERBY.
(12) Millwall v. MANCHESTER C.
(13) GRIMSBY v. Exeter.
(14) Tranmere v. CHELSEA.
*(15) PLYMOUTH v. Manchester U.
(16) Chesterfield v. FOREST.
(17) BURY v. Swansea.
(18) Notts County v. BRISTOL CITY.
(19) BRIGHTON v. Port Vale.
(20) BARNSLEY v. Southport.
**(21) BRADFORD v. Cardiff.
(22) Luton v. WOLVERHAMPTON.
(23) Q.P. Rangers v. LEEDS.
(24) STOKE v. Hull City.
(25) HALIFAX v. Boscombe.
(26) DARLINGTON v. Northampton.
**(27) ARSENAL v. Darwen.
(28) Crook v. LEICESTER.
**(29) BRENTFORD v. Bath.
**(30) SHEFFIELD U. v. Corinthians.
(31) Burton v. BLACKBURN.
(32) WATFORD v. Fulham.

LEAGUE MATCHES

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Coventry v. Norwich.
(2) GILLINGHAM v. Swindon.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) WALSALL v. Stockport.
(2) BARROW v. Carlisle.
(3) CHESTER v. Doncaster.
**(4) LINCOLN v. Rochdale.
(5) N. Brighton v. WREXHAM.
*(6) GATESHEAD v. Accrington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNDEE v. Hamilton.
(2) St. Mirren v. Rangers.
(3) Airdrie v. CLYDE.
(4) AYR v. Leith.
*(5) CELTIC v. Aberdeen.
(6) COWDENBEATH v. Falkirk.
(7) Hearts v. Morton.
*(8) MOTHERWELL v. Kilmarnock.
(9) PARTICK v. Dundee U.
*(10) THIRD LAN. v. Queen's Park.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—English Cup—21 (*H*), 29 (*H*), 30 (*H*) would indicate Bradford, Brentford, and Sheffield United.

Straight Talk to Leg Sufferers

By "VERAX."

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then read my remarks below. Every word is true, and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment and carried out by genuine people.

Under this Treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted. WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAS BEEN REFUSED BY THE MEDICAL STAFF, RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH IN THEIR OPINION WERE NOT SUITABLE. Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. My advice is—Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is priced 3s. 6d., but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. You cannot possibly heal that wound by the usual methods. You cannot heal it with Ointment, and you cannot heal it with Lotion. You cannot heal it with bathing. You cannot heal it with Medicine. It will only get larger and more painful until you are crippled. You probably know this from experience. There is a reason. All the stuff in the chemist shops will not avail. There is not a drug in the British Pharmacopœia which will of itself cure a Varicose Ulcer. Doctors know this to be true. Your leg requires more than drugs. It requires experience, skill and knowledge.

Wrong Treatment will make the wound larger and the pain more dreadful to bear. One example of wrong Treatment is carbolic dressings. This fatal drug has ruined thousands of legs. While giving a false temporary sense of ease, this drug gnaws and eats away the good sound flesh around the edges of the wound. Carbolic makes the wound larger and larger and the nerves more sensitive and irritable until a cure becomes almost impossible. Need I describe the almost ceaseless day and night torture that comes with a leg wound or ulcer? No one can describe it. The suffering is often beyond words. You know it all. To still the pain everything is tried. Poultices, lotions ointments, resting, medicines and the well-meant advice of friends around. It is all in vain! What must the sufferer do? I will tell you. There is one way in which you surely can heal that wound. Write for the Book, and you will know how. The Book is free to you.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? A swollen leg indicates the development of a Varicose Leg, the coming of painful ulcers, the day and night torture of white leg, the swelling means over-charged blood vessels and lymphatics, which will soon be at bursting point. In short, a very BAD LEG. What will cure your swollen leg? What will take away those unsightly swollen ankles? Not resting in bed—you know that. When you get up from bed and go about the swelling comes back again, does it not? The vessels of your leg are clogged, over-charged, stretched at high tension. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. Not by rubbing them, not by resting in bed. Not by applying Lotion. No. You must get at the root cause. You must remove the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort, and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES. — What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and the shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle. The itching, irritation, burning and smarting and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it.

Perhaps you suffer from Varicose weeping Eczema. The pathological process is as follows. Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg the skin becomes fiery red and inflamed. The threadlike surface veins and cell walls rupture under this congestion and discharge a watery fluid. This is weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping the itching, irritation and burning have been intense, owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping, and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores and cells of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the Eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of Weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps it is your case. If so, you must get cured. Sign the Coupon below and get the book.

CONSIDER THOSE SWOLLEN, PAINFUL KNEES AND JOINTS. They require correct and proper Treatment before it is too late. If there is a gnawing or cutting pain at the joint, if the knee is tender and swollen, if the joint cracks and creaks with movement. If it is stiff when you arise to walk after resting, it is high time you gave the matter serious attention. Trying a "bit of this" and a "bit of that" will bring no lasting good. Possibly your trouble is Synovitis or Rheumatism or Arthritis. It is important to know and act. Fibrosities may be growing around the joint, to fix it like a vice. Then it will be too late. There is little hope for a fixed ankylosed joint. The ravages of prolonged Arthritis can never be undone. Some joint troubles never can be cured. There is, however, an earlier stage of hope and cure. Do not let joint troubles grow worse until too late.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS. —There comes a time when Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the World could not cure them. They cannot be cured by an operation, for if they are cut out the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed too. Delay and neglect with increasing tensions in the vessels will so stretch the vein walls that the veins lose all elasticity. They will become like an overstretched and slack piece of ruined elastic. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the Veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

Why trifle with your Bad Leg troubles? More than all, your leg needs proper attention. Buying "a bit of this" and "a bit of that" never does any lasting good. Why not get your leg cured? Sign the Coupon below and get the Book. IT IS FREE. You will then have taken the great step towards lasting relief from all leg worry.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to Sufferers. If you suffer—from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA, WEEPING VARICOSE ECZEMA, PSORIASIS LEGS or VARICOSE VEINS, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Fill in the Coupon and post to-day and your letter will have my immediate attention.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

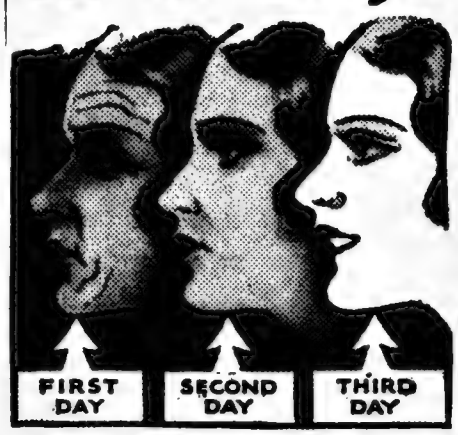
FREE COUPON.

Address: **NATIONAL COLLEGE, WARD B.L.**
GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

Name.....
Mr. Mrs. or Miss
Address.....
.....
State Complaint.....

New Smooth White Skin In 3 Days



Enlarged Pores and Blackheads Gone Forever!

Unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, rough skin scales and sallow darkened colour, have their beginning in enlarged pores—pores that become clogged with greasy dirt, which cannot be washed out. Every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) penetrates the pores instantly, soothes irritated skin-glands, dissolves out pore deep dirt and blackheads, tightens enlarged pores to normal, whitens and softens dark rough skin. By its tonic astringent and nourishing action, the driest skin is toned up and freshened. Oiliness and shiny nose are also completely banished.

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Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour every morning. White 1/- & 1/6. Rose 1/3 & 2/-

(W.T.) 20

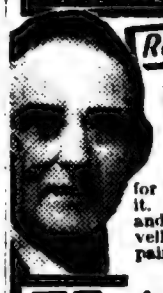
FIX A 'PIX' IN YOUR AERIAL—

to give your set knife-edge selectivity and get those elusive foreign stations. The 'PiX' is also a volume control—from a whisper to full strength, super-het selectivity on 4 valves. From your radio shop or send 12/- direct to: Ralo Research Co., 14, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Pat. applied for. **21/-**

RHEUMATISM!

Relief after 22 Years!



Mr. A. DICKINSON, 24, Golf Buildings, Gildersome, writes: "I suffered for twenty-two years from Uric Acid in the system. A friend who derived great benefit from Vitadatio for Rheumatism, advised me to try it. I did so and persevered with it and the relief I obtained was marvellous after those many years of pain."

If you are a sufferer—Get a bottle to-day.

(W.T.) 20

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from: VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V.130

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

FREE—Full Size Plan of THE METEOR III RADIO KIT

and how to build this fascinating Receiver can be obtained if you

Fill in the Coupon on page 27.

'John Bull' offers RECORD PENSION for this X-Word!

£2·2·0 a Week for Life or £1,000 Guineas Cash

£50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

EASY TO ENTER

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

SHOULD FIRST PRIZE BE SHARED 1,000 GUINEAS WILL BE PAID INSTEAD OF DIVIDING PENSION

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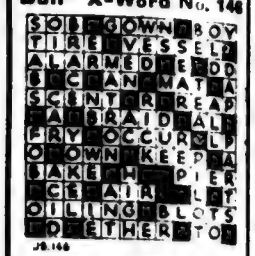
"JOHN BULL" will pay 2 Guineas a week for life or 1,000 Guineas cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 21st, 1932, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 28th, 1932.

Winners in X-Word No. 146. In consequence of the late closing date of this contest, the winners' names will not appear until next week's issue, on Sale, Thursday Jan. 14th, 1932.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 146



Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 146 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by the staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, January 14th, 1932.**

2. No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares.) Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

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7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

No Claims required.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 148

JB·148 DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB 148

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P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Crows in the morning
3. They keep one awake at night.
7. Popular Christmas fruit.
9. Opposite of "tight."
11. Cunning.
12. He sells medicine.
15. Observes.
17. Possesses.
18. Juicy fruit.
21. Play often does this.
23. Insect that bites.
25. Serpent.
26. Twice one.
28. Where money is made.
30. A bobbin.
32. Eastern ruler.
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35. Beer.
36. Crude minerals.
38. "Comin' thro' the ——."
39. Artifice.
40. Money that's this is often wasted.
41. Boot polish may be had in this.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Provides a comfortable seat.
2. Are unloaded when ship comes home.
4. Ailing.
5. Santa Claus brings to kiddies.
6. Enthusiasts wire them.
8. Seize by the hand.
10. Temporary building.
11. They twinkle at night.
13. What fisherman welcomes.
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22. You must bend to do this.
23. Comforting if it's good.
24. Issue forth.
27. Manner in which good mother acts.
29. Coffee is this.
31. Nobleman.
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37. Stitch.

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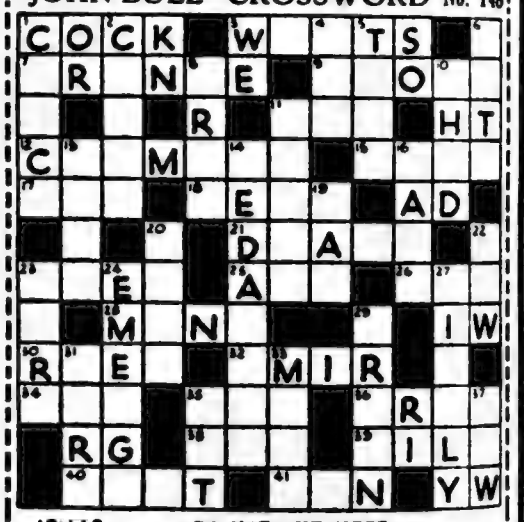
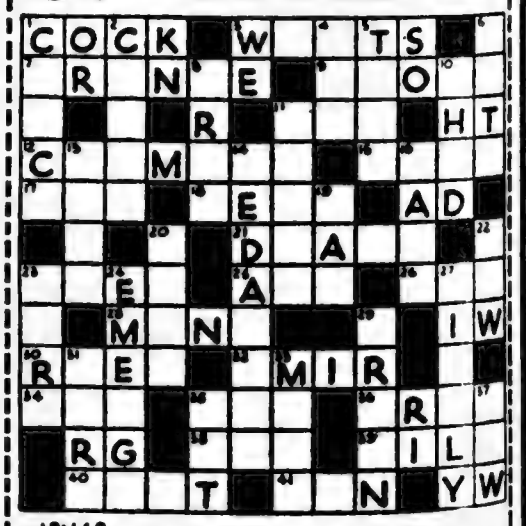
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 148



JB·148 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 148

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ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

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.....

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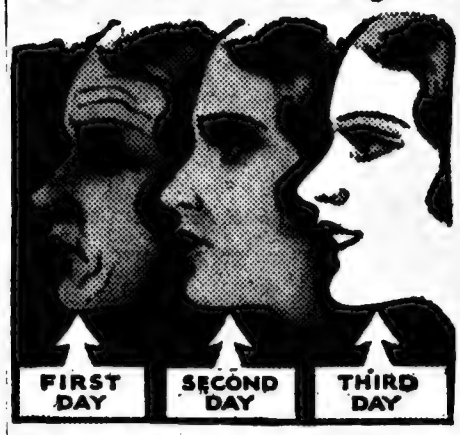
If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 148), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comps.)

New Smooth White Skin In 3 Days



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JB

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Pat. applied for. **2/-**

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Relief after 22 Years!

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£2·2·0 or 1,000 GUINEAS

A WEEK FOR LIFE — £50 FOR RUNNERS-UP — GUINEAS CASH

EASY TO ENTER — NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

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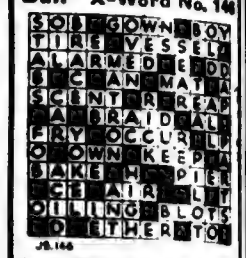
Winners in X-Word No. 144. In consequence of the late closing date of this contest, the winners' names will not appear until next week's issue, on Sale, Thursday Jan. 14th, 1932.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 146



JB.146

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 146 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 148

JB 148 DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB 148

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ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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12. He sells medicine.
15. Observes.
17. Possesses.
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CLUES DOWN.

1. Provides a comfortable seat.
2. Are unloaded when ship comes home.
4. Ailing.
5. Santa Claus brings to kiddies.
6. Enthusiasts wire them.
8. Seize by the hand.
10. Temporary building.
11. They twinkle at night.
13. What fisherman welcomes.
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"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 148

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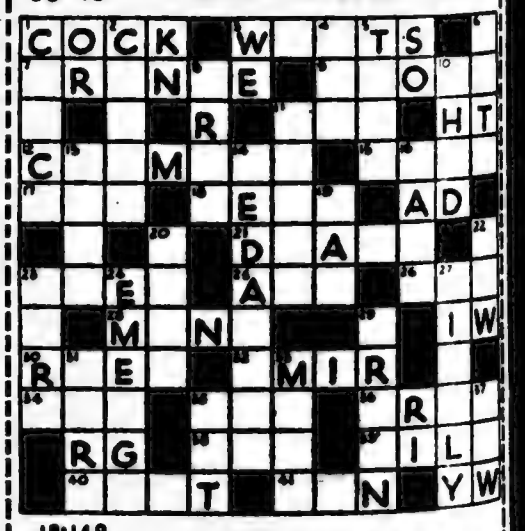

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ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

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HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 148), 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

J. P. (Taunton).—"Golf often breaks happy homes." Especially if the husband starts practising in the dining-room

Write to "JOHN BULL" About It!

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

Miss PHYLLIS (Woolwich).—"If I bore ou with my letters just say so." So!

L. H. (Paisley).—"I'm the first to ugh at my own foolishness." What a erry life you must lead.

S. K. (Shoreham).—"I am downstairs very morning at five." That's one of he advantages of living in a bungalow.

E. P. (Bristol).—"It costs nothing to e polite." Doesn't it? Just try it in a elegram.

J. G. (Liverpool).—"I know how to ncrease the speed of 'buses." So do we. ust signal them to stop.

A. C. (Epsom).—"What is the best ay to stop a horse from bolting?" ack it.

F. V. (Plymouth).—"My wife has a oice like velvet." Don't tell her so, or he'll want a dress to match it.

A. W. (Swindon).—"The careful man akes his car last for years." The other ort lets his wife drive.

J. L. (Hatfield).—"Many very famous en have never taken degrees." Unualified successes, in fact.

G. L. N. (Cosham).—"Will the domesic cat ever disappear?" It all depends n the accuracy of one's aim.

S. B. (Reading).—"I admit that I arried my wife because she was a good ook." Well, at least *you* had an excuse.

C. T. (Charlton).—"Before long, rains will go without drivers." At resent they merely go without us.

J. G. S. (Leeds).—"A critic describes new novel as most youthful and reeshing." The unfortunate author will ave to try again, that's all.

Mrs. R. (Southampton).—"My husand and I had a row because I put rouge n my face." Never mind, you have no oubt made it up again by now.

A. D. M. (Dundee).—"An American oet who wanted to write a 'song to the irds in the air' was lashed to the wing f an aeroplane." But it didn't make he slightest difference; he just wrote it hen they set him free.

D. N. (Exeter).—"She gave a sigh when I said I must go." Of relief?

H. G. (Grendon).—"Who decides when gangsters disagree?" The coroner.

T. M. (Nuneaton).—"I trumped her ace, and . . ." . . . now you wear shin-pads?

T. M. (Colchester).—"The baker's boy was quite cheeky to me this morning." Why not? Christmas is over.

D. C. (Bath).—"How much does the average taxi-driver expect as a tip?" More.

F. T. B. (Poplar).—"I frequently take breakfast before 7 a.m." Isn't once enough?

R. S. (Chelsea).—"The publishers printed my book of poems in the wrong order." Then it will have to be reversed.

F. W. (Rugby).—"Until recently, few women took up law." All, however, have always laid it down.

W. A. (Leeds).—"The world owes us all a living." It is our duty, however, to go out to collect it.

S. C. (Bury).—"My fiancée is a pretty little witch." We hope she can use a broomstick.

L. D. (Braintree).—"Time is a great healer." But he's a mighty poor beauty doctor.

O. T. (Ipswich).—"I'm out to make an easy living." Then you're in for a lot of hard work.

D. W. (Guildford).—"My tobacconist has been advertising a special gift cigar as 'the best thing out.'" No doubt.

R. M. (Goole).—"I asked the income tax collector to take a chair." But he wanted more than that, we suppose?

T. A. (Brixton).—"I have made a rule never to speak unless I know what I am talking about." Be careful you do not lose the power of speech.

A. S. T. (Manchester).—"Will girls always struggle to get away when being kissed?" Only when they know you won't let them go.

T. G. (Swanage).—"I read that England was once entirely covered by water. When was that?" The day we went for a run in the car.

J. McG. (Aberdeen).—"I found a necklace the other day and advertised the fact in one of the papers." The one with the smallest circulation?

K. L. (Dorchester).—"It is foolish to keep a lot of money in the house." It's worse than that—it's practically impossible.

P. F. (Sheerness).—"A Frenchman recently paid his income tax by means of poultry." A lot of people in this country feel like giving the collector the bird.

R. W. (Selby).—"When I read a detective story, I always know what is coming after the first chapter." Chapter Two, of course.

W. K. (Chester).—"Before a man marries, he should make a little money first." Afterwards, he will have to make a little money last.

J. M. R. (Glasgow).—"At a recent social evening I was more or less asked to take a back seat." Did you take affront?

W. S. (Preston).—"I hate being ungrateful, but what should I say to a friend giving me my third umbrella present this winter?" "It's the very thing I wanted."

S. J. (Salisbury).—"What is the difference between a fort and a fortress?" If spelling is anything to go by, it is probably more difficult to silence the latter.

M. G. (Buxton).—"When I was in Central Africa, I saw two boxers who refused to start fighting." So they have already picked up the finer points of modern pugilism over there.

D. R. B. (Leeds).—"I understand that a Scotsman has succeeded in running from Edinburgh to North Berwick, a distance of twenty-one miles." It is not revealed, however, whether his tailor eventually cornered him or not.

P. N. C. (Rochester).—"We cleared off the debt by a dance." Footing the bill.

L. K. (Oxted).—"Wireless has added lots of new words to our language." So has golf.

T. M. (Tamworth).—"I always openly admit my faults." Don't you get terribly hoarse?

S. S. A. (Bath).—"I have had a few reverses in my time." Your initials appear to have had one, too.

F. K. (York).—"The winner of a Canadian tree-chopping contest weighed 19 stone." Stout feller!

F. A. N. (Bangor).—"Many M.P.s were working men once." You're right when you say "once."

R. H. (Glasgow).—"I don't think it's too late to start learning to play the bagpipes at sixty." It's too early.

Mrs. B. (Weymouth).—"Man is made of dust." And some women seem to think it's gold-dust.

G. M. (Bude).—"I bought up a stock of stationery at a sale last week." Bang goes our happy new year.

A. V. (Malvern).—"A friend in need is the man who always turns up trumps in times of distress." Especially when the stakes are high.

R. D. (Esher).—"If I buy a cow which gives nine quarts of milk a day, how much do you think I shall sell?" About twelve quarts.

T. A. (Durham).—"We cannot stand still. We must either go backwards or forward." Haven't you ever been in a traffic block?

S. W. (Hastings).—"I liked your Records from Radio Paris last Sunday evening." And you'll appreciate that £1,250 Record on page 35 also—win it whilst you can!

N. J. (Kensington).—"There is a crook in London who is wanted in Chicago." It is amazing that they should want any more in that city.

W. F. (Crewe).—"Many plays produced in London on Sunday evenings are nonsensical." Why do you single out Sunday plays?

E. J. (Bradford).—"A man recently got £120 for a dog bite." We have decided to wait until they are much cheaper.

J. E. (Lewes).—"I am a fine chess player and I have held private tournaments in the same house for the last 25 years." You are naturally not the sort of person to make a move in a hurry.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slip."

THE STALYBRIDGE REPORTER:—"The Mayor of D—— wearing his CHAIR of office."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"He saw a man near the coal siding and STROPPED him."

WEEKLY WELCOME:—"Here Charlotte deemed it wise to lift her ACE, inviting a caress."

TORBAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"Stanbury was also twice within an ACRE of goaling."

CARDIGAN AND TIVY-SIDE ADVERTISER:—"The last WEEDING to be solemnised took place on Tuesday."

MEARNS LEADER AND KINCARDINESHIRE MAIL:—"A sister of the local AERATED WATER FACTORY."

MODERN BOY:—"All the most up-to-date equipment of a modern luxury car, bumpers BACK AND REAR—."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL PROGRAMME:—"Rossini's opera, 'The BARKER of Seville.'"

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"She went to live in the caves and forests in which the bandits had taken REFUSE."

DARTMOUTH AND SOUTH HAMS CHRONICLE:—"A dance organised in aid of the National Society for the PRESERVATION of Cruelty to Children."

Rheumatism

These little pictures give a real "life" story all sufferers should study. You, too, can banish pain, rebuild strength and vigour this easy way.

Ask for and see you get genuine

DE WITT'S
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold in the blue, white and gold box by all chemists, price 3/-, or the family size, 5/-

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

THE 1931 RECORD!

35 Out of 46 "Bullets" FIRSTS WERE WON BY READERS OF

The Leader

The Recognised Authority on Competition Matters

DURING the last twelve months, readers of THE LEADER have won over £30,000 in "BULLETS" and succeeded in carrying off 35 out of the 46 first prizes which were offered in this particular competition!

Doesn't this conclusively prove that if you want to win your share of the splendid prizes being offered in BULLETS this week (coupons on page facing this advertisement), you simply can't afford to be without the invaluable help which is to be found in THE LEADER'S current issue?

★ **Current winning lines are carefully criticised by 'Scrutineer' who explains why they have met the judge's eye and the various interesting points in their construction. A lot of valuable knowledge can be obtained from this expert analysis of lines which have already won.**

★ **All the examples in the £1,250 BULLETS offer are analysed by 'Sphinx,' who encourages your thoughts by suggesting likely efforts and giving specimen lines. Many first prizes have been won by competitors who have followed these notes and acted on the information given in them.**

—and now ANOTHER New Feature:

BRICKS & MORTAR By ARTHUR C. FINDON

SOLVES 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD You will also find a reliable solution to the current J.B. Crossword, together with further squares which you can use.

This is a feature for the benefit of new competitors and those who have yet to win their first big prize in a literary competition.

Certain examples are taken from the current offer and by careful analysis and construction, lines are fitted to them.

A warning is also given of those ideas which are likely to be duplicated.

Remember—it's THE LEADER you want!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2D.

Over 660,000 copies sold every week!

Another TRIUMPH *for* "John Bull"

Thousands Acclaim Our Great Free Insurance Gift *FOR 1932.*

LET JOHN BULL keep you safe in 1932!

JOHN BULL'S great Free Insurance continues to make triumphant progress. Letters welcoming the splendid benefits that came into force on January 1 are pouring into the JOHN BULL offices by the thousand from all parts of Great Britain.

Taken out through an Insurance Company the benefits offered would cost at least 25s. per annum.

Absolutely free of all cost, JOHN BULL gives to its readers the priceless Sense of Security. We must all take daily risks. Fire, sickness, flood, storm, home accidents, children's accidents—we are subject to them all. We do not know what is waiting for us round the corner; in the next ten minutes any one of us may be faced by tragic injury or loss. JOHN BULL looks ahead for its readers. It is ready with instant help in time of trouble. It lifts heavy responsibilities from its readers and carries them on its ou broad and capable shoulders. Jo BULL is the prudent protector of the members of its enormous fami and there is nothing "puffed up about JOHN BULL'S help. When t trouble comes, JOHN BULL steps fo ward swiftly, silently, generous without fuss or pretence—and pa

Thousands upon thousands people who found JOHN BULL strong support in time of disas sent grateful letters during 19 They acclaim the scheme for 19 with enthusiasm. JOHN BULL re the letters with pleasure and a out in 1932 with the high reso to maintain its proud position the Great Family Guardian. D ing 1931 nearly thirteen thous cheques were paid by JOHN BU into stricken homes!

You will need JOHN BULL in 19 not only because it is the fine family journal in Great Brita but because it is the supreme Pr tector of the Home and all who l there.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, "John Bull" covers you F

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 9/1/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 129, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 9/1/32.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

Only 7 DAYS MORE!

See page 36

HURRY FOR THIS ENORMOUS CHE

WHEN JOHN BULL is out to break records, you know what to ex he's making competition history again this week, for the sum of £1,250 is now waiting for a good *Bullet*.

Some competitor is soon to capture the *Bullets* one-week record gether a few well-chosen words—why shouldn't that First Prize te nuary 29 bring lasting comfort and happiness to *you*?

To make a *Bullet*, examine each of the *Examples* and note down eas which they bring to mind, no matter how shapeless they seem a

Now tackle these rough ideas in turn and polish them up in HREE or FOUR WORDS which form a neat comment and link ni e *Example* chosen.

Suppose, for instance, you selected the *Example* SHOW'S SHE'S UP adding the words EVEN HALO SLIGHTLY TILTED! a typical *Bullet* is com

Now study the winning *Bullets* printed in these columns and get bu ur efforts. Make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, January 16.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 831

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500 AND £50 XMAS-BOX YEARLY

r. E. E. CATCHPOLE, 53, West Street, Lower Edmonton, London, N.
Example:—ANGRY SEA
Bullet:—FORMED BRITAIN'S "RUGGED CHARACTER."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

. M. A. JAY, 3, Galway Avenue, Bircotes, Nr. Doncaster.
xample:—Boy With Brains
ullet:—Goes Far—Keep Here!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

. E. SWANN, 7, Railway Street, West Bromwich.
xample:—The Bulldog Spirit
ullet:—Doesn't "Decline A Scrap."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

. M. V. ANDREWS, 16, Broughton Road, Poulton, Wallasey.
lakes Him Happy—Roaring Fire—Quiet Smoke.

. G. BELL, "Brymere," Sea Road, Westgate-on-Sea.
lint For The Future—*Fire* Quarters Next January?

EASTWOOD 8, Alleyne Grove, Erdington.
n Westminster's Talkie—First Essential—"Gripping Situation."

R. PARMER, 29, Uttoxeter Road, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.
General Opinion—That's "Opposition" Government Dreads.

GIBB, 9, West Holmes, Musselburgh.
ob For The League—Preventing "Molehills" Becoming "Mounds."

G. G. HUTCHINSON, Duneim, Wendover.
outh's Opportunity—Old Age "Cracks Up."

H. KEY, Rother Golf Club, Rye.
All I've Got—"Treasure" in *Th* ings."

W. LUKE, 158, Botanic Avenue, L
All I've Got—Against En Shoulder!

J. H. OWEN, 2, Carrington Terrace, Ll
Sends Me To Sleep—Before Night Before."

T. TOLLAFIELD, 329, New Chure Hove.
Cruel Fate—Imprisonment "For

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EA

A. ALEXANDER, 106, Langworth Seedley.
For The Defence—"I'se Sorr Closed.

E. BENNETT, 57, Waldrons Moo Heath, Birmingham.
A Thousand Pities—Cramped *Separating* Couples.

Miss M. DAY, 69, Lucknow Stree mouth.
Angry Sea — Government "Fancy Diving."

T. DOWNING, "Silverdene," Ber New Eltham, S.E.
Beyond — Gandhi's "Wind," "Candle."

A. GRAY, The Lodge, Cheswick, Be
For The Defence—"Just Toasti Dear!"

G. A. RATHBONE, 11, Elmhurst Aven Finchley, N.
All I've Got — To "Find," "Stoop."
(Entered on "Target" Prize co

A. H. SABINE, 2, Jessamine Villas gate.
Breathlessly—Wife Arrives—From bour's!

J. SMITH, 311, Greenhead Street, G
Nursing—Parcels—Dad Crooned mindedly.

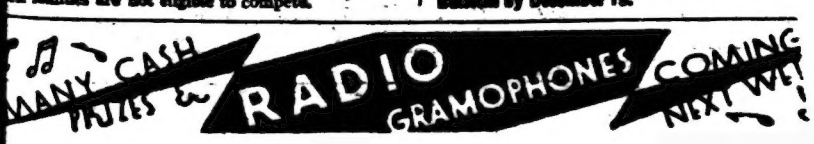
Mrs. M. TAYLOR, 88, Canterbury West Norwood, S.E.
Later—*Taciturn* Over New Leaf.

Mrs. E. WATSON, 74, Elgar Aven worth.
Did The Trick—"Patter" Of Magician."

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be arded for what in the opinion of the judges in conation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, the other prizes in order of merit, the test being erseness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertes that every Bullet received shall have careful sideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. each coupon made use of. This must be made yable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the e of sending the order on the back of the postal der, the number of which must be duly noted on ch coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutied. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of pute arising in connection with this competition st be accepted as final and legally binding in all pects, and acceptance of this rule is an express conion of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and eir families are not eligible to compete.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2/6 winners can be these offices. All Prizes have been posted.

In accordance with our published notice the sum of £250 will be divided amongst th printed above who were registered readers of "Bullets by December 19.



M YOURSELF 'ASPRO' D BEAT E 'FLU

s not hard to overcome when you the way. 'ASPRO' is the way. sands and thousands of people in ts of the world have proved beyond dow of doubt that 'ASPRO' will and effectively banish the 'flu in ight. So why get the 'flu ? Why not keep 'ASPRO' ? Even if you are fortunate enough to avoid the ou will still have 'ASPRO' on hand to BANISH HEAD-ES in five minutes—RELIEVE RHEUMATISM in one —BRING SWEET SLEEP—soothe away nerve pains—ibility, etc. All this is possible because 'ASPRO,' after stion in the system, is not only Anti-pyretic, and Anti-odic, but it is also a solvent of Uric Acid and an Anti-fer-tative. It neither harms the heart nor the stomach. It does its work quickly and effectively and is eliminated n the system, leaving you free from any ill after-effects.

OLD AND 'FLU ATTACKS EATEN IN ONE NIGHT WITH 2 'ASPRO' TABLETS ND A HOT LEMON DRINK

READ THESE

'FLU OUTED N ONE NIGHT

10, Milton Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
ntlemen, Manchester.
was lying in bed this week ABSOLUTELY LPLESS WITH THE 'FLU, as people o know me can well prove, and I have to out in all sorts of weather to eke out a ing. I sent my wife for a packet of SPRO.' I took two tablets, got a good ht's rest and was out next day pulling a ndcart all over Manchester.
I think they are a god-send to all sufferers.
I am, Yours obediently,
WILLIAM HENDERSON.

Headache and 'Flu

T. Charleson, of Sale, writes "Have always found 'ASPRO' a eedy remedy for headaches; also xt for 'flu."

NOT ONE COLD SINCE TAKING 'ASPRO'

389, Central Drive, Blackpool.
Dear Sirs,
It may be of interest for you to know that for two years—the period I have taken 'ASPRO'—I have NOT HAD ONE COLD.
I came home from South Africa in 1905 and from then until I commenced to take 'ASPRO'—two each night—I could always reckon on having at least two colds each year—Spring and Autumn.
When people ask how I escape having colds I always remark, "Take 'ASPRO' regularly and you will avoid getting colds," and I am pleased to say a lot of them follow my advice. Also a slogan of mine is "Two 'ASPRO' tablets a day keep the Doctor away."
Yours gratefully, H. J. ACKERMAN.
P.S.—Not so bad for an old 'un of 66.

Mother & Son Banish Colds

Mrs. Ditchfield writes from Bredbury: "My son and myself have taken 'ASPRO' and found them wonderful. Have thrown off many a serious cold by taking them."

'ASPRO' IS ALL BRITISH.

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO.'

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

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HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER-EFFECTS
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
SCIATICA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
GOUT	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA

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